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Volume 20 Number 9

February 1994

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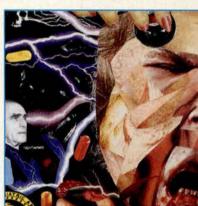


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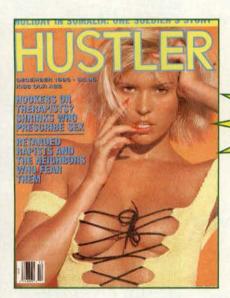
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#### HUSTLER FEBRUARY 1994 VOLUME 20 NUMBER 9

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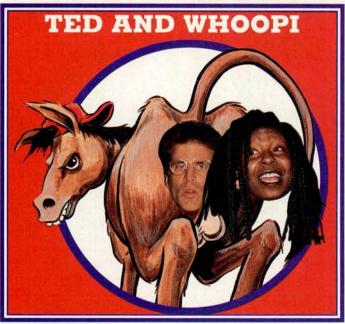
## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

What's black and white and brown all over? HUSTLER's Assholes of the Month for February 1994, Ted Danson and Whoopi Goldberg.

As television and film stars, Ted and Whoopi bring a dubious relief to millions of Americans, acting as a sort of Thorazine upon the mass consciousness. Danson and Goldberg share a history of contributing to cathode and celluloid products that put a trivializing Hollywood gloss on such real-life rough issues as alcoholism, racial distrust and death.

Watching the cream-puff conflicts of sitcom reality, as depicted in Danson's long-running Cheers and shows of its ilk, with their inevitable cotton-candy resolutions, is widely accepted as an alternative to facing the hard choices that confront anyone who follows the subversive impulse to actually lead his own life. Likewise, the elevated moral posture taken by Goldberg in her Spook Show comedy routine, and in such rigorously righteous career vehicles as Sarafina!, The Color Purple and Burglar, is akin to a painless self-crucifixion in which the martyr hammers herself to a cross of her own design with nails of money and adulation. An audience of millions, many of whom need a profound alteration in their fearful, selfish perceptions of their brother humans, adopts Goldberg's worldwise stance as if it were its own, rather than examining the unacknowledged core attitudes that keep so many of us alienated from the strangers across town.

Recognizing that their showbiz



heroics fall short of projecting the image of complete human beings, Danson and Goldberg put their best faces forward as celebrity window dressing for box office-friendly causes and candidates. Along with half the Evian activists in Beverly Hills, the pair were on hand for president Bill Clinton's inaugural festivities, an event that might be described as job-related. Whoopi, apparently more willing to go out on a limb than Ted—though not much farther out-has made her mug available for photo opportunities at pro-choice rallies. Danson makes a stand with Futures for Children and American Oceans Campaign, two telegenic positions unlikely to encounter any prime-time opposition.

The riskiest behavior the two have undertaken is their marriagebreaking, family-splitting sex affair, an alliance that the duo either denied or "no commented" for several months after being exposed by the tabloid press. Perhaps the professional exhibitionists resented the attention. After all, each of the public performers claims to be a different person in private: "When I'm home," says Whoopi, "I become Caryn Johnson. The Whoopi Goldberg persona couldn't sustain itself." "I wear a hairpiece when I'm an actor," clarifies Danson, "and when I'm not, I don't." So, whenever Goldberg is out of the house, anything she says or does is liable to be unsustainable. Danson must have

been under the influence of his fake hair when, while portraying a real-life, devoted family man in interviews for ladies' magazines, he emoted: "I have no desire to be in a sexual relationship with another person....! think committed relationships are what the world needs....As Mr. Ted Danson, I'm Mr. Commitment."

Mr. Commitment and Ms. Unsustainable reached their zenith at a New York City Friars Club roast of Whoopi. Danson painted his face in a caricature of Negroid stereotypes and regaled the celebrants with a monologue that exploited crude sex jokes and the word nigger. Predictably, publicity hogs such as actor Matthew Modine, then-NYC mayor David Dinkins and talk-show host Montel Williams threw widely reported fits of indignation.

More than three decades ago, pioneer comedian Lenny Bruce stunned racially tense audiences with his "nigger, Kike, Wop, Wop" routine. Lenny paid with his life. More recently, HUSTLER Magazine's outrageous irreverence made Larry Flynt the target of a hate-monger's bullets. Neither Lenny nor Larry begged the pardon of anyone who had been insulted.

Goldberg and Danson, however, flinched from a shit storm of foul reaction and apologized, according to New York's *Newsday*, to anyone at the event who was offended. Those who are offended are the ones who need it most. We call Whoopi and Ted Assholes, and we're not sorry we said it.

### **Farts in the Wind**

Paul Krassner: Paul Krassner, publisher of The Realist, a satirical hippieanarchy broadsheet, received the biggest break of his life during the mid-1970s when Larry Flynt gave Paul a job with HUSTLER Magazine. Now hawking his faded notoriety, Krassner has published a book, Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut, with Simon and Schuster. One chapter is devoted

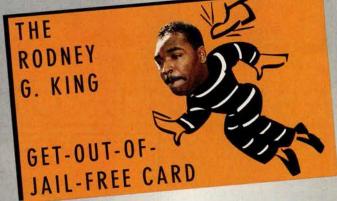
to life in the pink lane at HUSTLER. Krassner mangles facts in regard to Larry's attire in front of the U.S. Supreme Court during the Flynt-Falwell hearings and asserts falsely that Our Publisher has wed a mailorder bride. Being on the left is no excuse not to get things right. Paul has put the hole in Krassholener.

Dr. Neil Solomon: After first denying contentions of abuse in a \$140-million lawsuit, weight-loss expert and syndicated columnist Dr. Neil Solomon has admitted enticing patients into having sex "for at least 20 years." Allegations include drugging a patient before sex. Police intend not to pursue criminal charges, but an Asshole judgment is in.

HUSTLER FEBRUARY

Hey, brothers!

Here's a chance to commit crimes and walk away scot-free. Since his videotaped beating by cops in March 1991, Rodney King has been busted four times.



Check out these proven results!

May 1991—Allegedly tried to run down an undercover vice cop—No charges filed.

June 1992—Accused of beating his wife—No charges filed.

July 1992—Arrested on suspicion of drunk driving—Case dropped due to "lack of evidence."

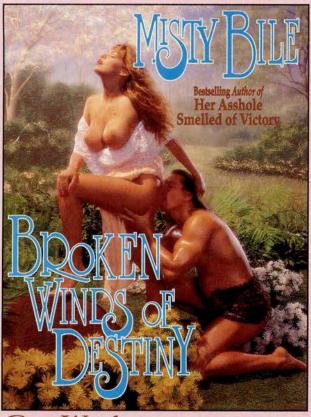
August 1993—Arrested for drunk driving after crashing his car into a wall—
Released on his own recognizance.

Order this card, payable in food stamps, and enjoy a life of crime.

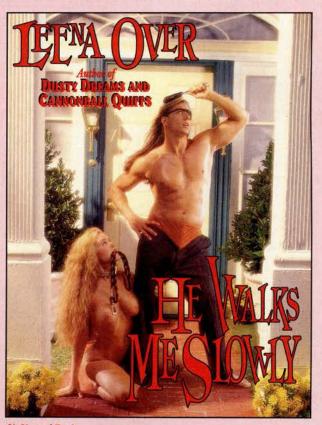
Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Rodney G. King doesn't need a card to stay out of jail.

Nothing is more offensive than weepy romance novels that give women the impression all men are heroic fags. If those steamy stories were penned from a man's perspective, perhaps we'd soon see these...

Novel Ideas



Gas War! Storm Blower comes face-to-face with a woman's secret past and inhales more than he can swallow.



Sit Up and Beg!Cassidy Pointer was man's best friend, until Faggio discovered the hairbrush. Now Cass must fight an epic battle for her evening walk and a fresh bowl of kibble.

Confused by Mrs. Clinton's proposed health plan? Join the club. As a part of HUSTLER's commitment to improving the

world, we have submitted our own ball-busting blueprint

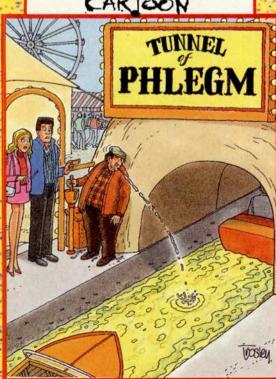
to keep employees healthy and in whack. Support the...



With the secretary stirrup desk, she can have pap smears without ever missing a phone message.

No business should be without a full-service infirmary. Come visit the JUSTLER sick bay, where the doors are always open—and so are the nurses.

bits & pieces



## Porn From the Past

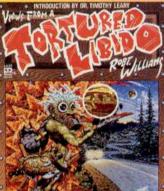


Before the invention of respirators, ailing patients had to suck fresh air from volunteer vaginas. Kudos and \$150 to Richard Vasquez for this antique get-well greeting. Send your funny fanny photos to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Always include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

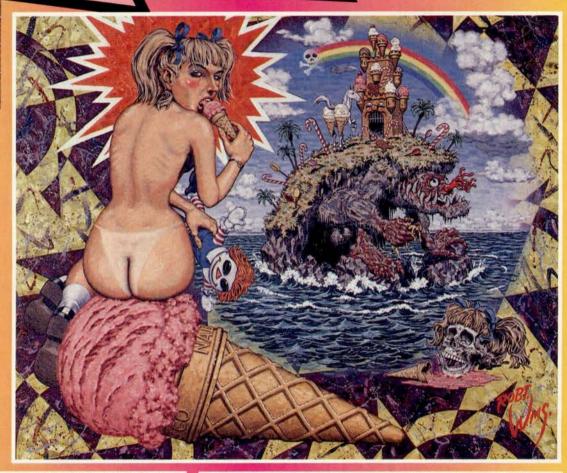
# Art Imitates Strife of a cunt. Women drive same men mad, to the hottle or to the blade. Fortunately for the

bottle or to the blade. Fortunately for the

rest of the world, artist Robert Williams grabbed a brush instead of a knife. His works have been seen in HUSTLER and in



Guns N' Roses' debut LP, but never have so much sin and sickness been published as in his latest collection, titled Views From a Tortured Libido (available through Last Gasp, 777 Florida Street, San Francisco, CA 94110). Over 60 oil paintings are featured, each as striking as these three masterworks of torture and titillation—truly the art that refreshes.



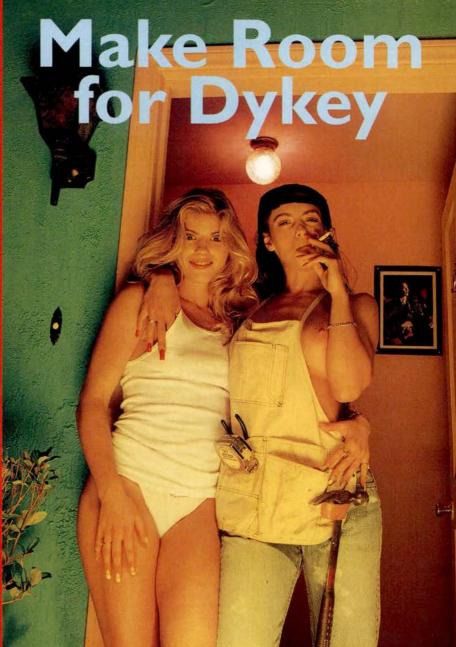






### Culture Crash

Tired of bad-boy bands that spew formula angst from the corporate covers of mainstream magazines? Ethyl Meatplow is the bloodiest act on the musical cutting edge. This Los Angeles troupe unleashes an industrial din with the force of 1,000 jackhammers and complements performances with a host of naked dancers. Piss off friends and neighbors alike with the glorious noise of Meatplow's debut album Happy Days, Sweetheart (Dali Records).



Lesbians are people too.

They have the same paternal instincts as the rest of us—only with a twist.

Five incentives for lesbos to adopt young girls:

- Take an active interest in the child's vaginal hygiene.
- 2. New girlfriends the daughter brings home.
- 3. Teach pacifism by demonstrating alternative uses for a fist.
- Provides a legitimate reason to shop in the young girl's panty department.
- 5. The family that lays together, stays together.

### **Reading Between the Thighs**

Not content with network propaganda, HUSTLER takes a peek inside the news to find out what's really happening in Russia. Let our pink explain their red.

If the fall of communism was such a good thing, why are the Russian people killing each other? Why is the government up in smoke? Why is Boris Yeltsin so smug?

Let's take a closer look.



In 1991, Yeltsin seemed friendly toward then-President Mikhail Gorbachev, days before ousting Gorb. This historical stab in the back was spun as a birth



How much does Yeltsin care about individual liberties in Russia? "This much," the dictator replies.



Communist strongman Josef Stalin may be dead, but his ruthless drive for power lives on in the autocratic, booze-swilling Yeltsin.



Two years later, the vodka-sweating czar ordered tanks to fire on his own government's White House as a show of force to his own people.



Having replaced the word

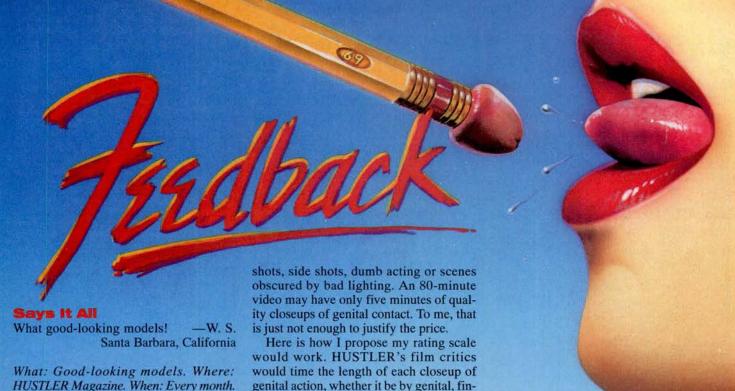
democracy with the phrase "free-market
reform," President Stoli is well on his way to
becoming sole dictator. Who cares, as long as











Study Hard

Kizzy, HUSTLER's December 1993 Honey (Kizzy: Solar Flare, December '93), has me seriously considering getting my doctorate in history at the University of California at Berkeley. Kizzy's unbelievable tan demonstrates that she certainly is a Golden Bear! I would love to make love to Kizzy in her lair—bear-style! She's given me a new appreciation for the finer things that California has to offer. Coeds like Kizzy will help me meet my academic and professional goals!

—J. D. G.

Why: Because pink must be creamed!

San Francisco, California

According to Kizzy, the 21-year-old University of Berkeley student has transferred from Berkeley's history department to study ecology. "If you truly care about me," advises the golden hardbody, "separate your trash and recycle!"

#### **I-Rate**

I've always appreciated HUSTLER's Erotic Entertainment section's "erection" scale in evaluating the latest XXX videos. HUSTLER has never steered its readers wrong as to what is quality and what is junk in the skin-flick arena. I would like to recommend a scale to judge videos that will complement the "erection" scale HUSTLER has in practice. My rating system is based on the number of minutes of film footage that actually focuses on genital-to-mouth, genital-to-genital, genital-to-fingers and genital-to-dildo contact. So much crap footage simply shows face

Here is how I propose my rating scale would work. HUSTLER's film critics would time the length of each closeup of genital action, whether it be by genital, finger, dildo or tongue. They would add all of this and calculate the total number of minutes of quality genital contact in any given video. Say the critic totaled the genital contact time to be ten minutes, and the entire film is 30 minutes in length. My proposed rating icon would refer to this product as a Number 30, meaning 30% of the film time consists of quality genital closeups, informing the buyer exactly how much time is of pud-pounding quality.

If my rating system is implemented along with HUSTLER's "erection" scale, HUSTLER readers will know exactly the



Kizzy: Solar Flare

quality of the product they are buying. This might put pressure on the makers to quit putting out so much crap! —E. W. Dayton, Ohio

There is so much more to an X-rated video than quality genital contact, E. W. Based on HUSTLER's <u>Feedback</u> rating scale, your letter receives a GP (Good Point) value of 85.5%, or an F on a scale of A to K. As for FOI (far-out idea) standing, you are awarded 100% in all categories—with bonus points for laughability! Your overall HUSTLER <u>Feedback</u> Rating: GP85.5-FOI100L+. Congratulations!

#### **Bud on the Tracks**

My whole body be on fire, my whole body wants to come inside. Not just my penis. I want to do some pounding now! All my life I wanted to be more than just a man for a day. That little dream is to be HUSTLER of the month. I worked very hard to learn the tools of the trade, but hats to you damn! You have it all. Except me. So look out! Stroker's guide, HUSTLER babies pull down your shades because slut will run from my long lizard tongue it's like a gun. Let me tear down a HUSTLER pose with my unique pole. I'll do this for free just for the world to see, what HUSTLER made out of me. So you better read Feedback again for my story. —B. D.

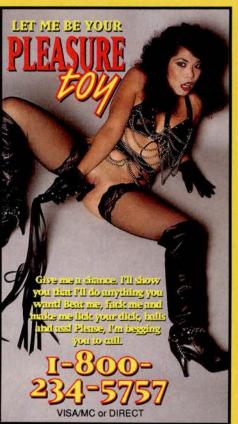
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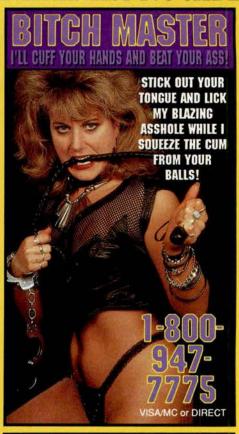
Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands

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together for legendary poet songscribe Bob Dylan. Bob, you're one radical dude. Thanks for writing HUSTLER Magazine!

Deep Hedgehog

I'm wondering if you can provide me with some information. Some time back, one of HUSTLER's features mentioned the littleknown fact that Ron Jeremy can suck his own cock. In fact, I remember seeing that in some X-rated movie. But I can't remember the name of the movie. Could you please refresh my memory with the title? I mentioned seeing this trick to my wife, and she is quite interested in seeing it! Thanks for your time. —M. Z.

Lincroft, New Jersey

As it turns out, M. Z., finding an X venture wherein Mr. Jeremy does not gulp his pulp is more of a problem! Popular titles of the Groundhog's self-suck cinema are Inside Seka, The Lady Is a Tramp, Sulka's Wedding and Consenting Adults.

#### **Jerkoff Janine**

I have a weird problem. There is one woman in all of porn who I feel is probably one of the most beautiful creatures to have ever appeared in an adult film. To this date, this luscious doll has yet to be fucked by a real dick. She's appeared in Hidden Obsessions, Blonde Justice I and II, The Coven I and II and Parlor Games. Her name is Janine Lindemulder, known now as plain old Janine.

What the fuck is going on? Am I the only one on this earth to notice that Janine has not even sat on, sucked on, looked at or even considered getting fucked by a real dick? Isn't it some sort of porn record not to have been dicked once? -T. B.

Richardson, Texas

**HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment Editor** Scott Mallory says it is the wiser course for porn-tape aficionados not to look their gift hos in the mouth.

#### **Holly Bites**

The other night I came across a TV interview with Holly Ryder. This giganticclitted slut was denouncing porn and said she was forming an organization to fight porn producers in L.A. Do you know what's up with this bitch?

I'm sick and tired of these stupid bitches denouncing porn after they've "suddenly realized" that they're being exploited. What horseshit! I appreciate porn sluts who realize their place in society as inspiration for spewing smegma! Holly, you're a stupid slut and, thanks to HUSTLER, I have a life-sized picture of your cunt to

jack off to ("HUSTLER's No-Nonsense-Hose Pussy of the Month," Ad Parody, November '93). Thanks for updating us on this hypocritical slut Holly Ryder. —T. R. San Antonio, Texas

Snatch-gristle celebrant Holly Ryder was immortalized in the 1993 Holiday Issue of America's Magazine as Asshole of the Month ("Asshole of the Month," Holiday Issue '93). Whether Ryder responds to HUSTLER's public plea to return to her senses (Holly Come Home! An Open Letter to Holly Ryder, Holiday Issue '93) is the only thing about Holly that remains to be seen.

#### **Mex Specs**

First of all, excuse my bad English. I hope you can correct it if you publish my letter. This is the first time I've written to a porn magazine. I wanted to thank HUSTLER Magazine for presenting 20-year-old Shannon (Shannon: Fleshquake, October '93). What a bitch! It was for her photo that I met the high price of HUSTLER in Mexico (approximately \$9.50 US). This was my first HUSTLER, and to be honest, I really liked your weird magazine! I also bought the September 1993 issue of Playboy and compared HUSTLER's Shannon to Playmate Carrie Westcott. HUSTLER wins! I like the way you photographed this bitch. She's so hot! I'm starting to get bored of the moralists at (continued on page 25)

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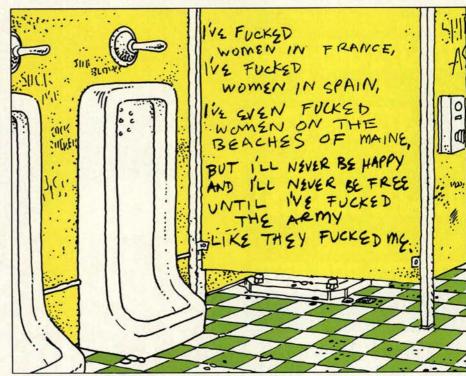
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— Vincent M. Del Monte, Vice President, Client Relations





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**Three-Quarters Erect.** Starring Talia James, Tom Byron, Sydney St. James, Bella Donna, Sunny Day, Blake Palmer, Tashawna, Trixie Tyler, Krisstarah Knight, Brandy Alexandre, Sandra, John Stagliano and Nina Hartley. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Porn director John Stagliano is very involved in his work. He's continually sucked in by the luscious lips and beckoning faces that he films at their filthiest. Stagliano complains that being Buttman has taken over his existence, that he is being robbed of time "to do the important things," that his stomach has gone to flab due to long hours on the job. His losses are our gains. John introduces this collection as past scenes that he himself still jerks off to. He brings himself to orgasm in front of a monitor showing the exquisite derriere of delectable Talia James. Talia's firm cheeks, G-string up the crack, spread for the sphincter-probing tongue of Tom Byron. Her mouth draws out cameraman John's pole as Byron pokes a dildo through her greased anal portal. Giving what she gets, the nasty, bleached blonde lips and licks Byron's butt, pulling his dick down and worming her tongue well into the stud's no-entrance ring, flashing a shit-eating grin to the folks at home. Talia's craphole celebration sets the tone and the standard for the rest of the tape, which features footage not included in original edits as well as an all-new rectocentric event centered around the rear roundnesses of Sydney St. James and Nina Hartley. He might complain, but the evidence indicates that Stagliano would still be Buttman if he had to pay for the pleasure.

—Christian Shapiro



Stagliano still jerks off to visions of Talia James's firm cheeks.



Sydney St. James is a new rectocentric obsession.

## WILDER AT HEART

**Half Erect.** Directed by Terry Thomas; starring Crystal Wilder, Alex Jordan, Steve Drake, Tiffany Mynx, T. T. Boy and Terry Thomas. Videocassette: Crystal Wilder Productions

The focus of Wilder at Heart, starring Crystal Wilder for Crystal Wilder Productions, is Crystal Wilder. Wilder is the centerpiece in three of Heart's five scum-sweet carnal events: The swollen-boobed, trash-blond nympho face spits on Steve Drake's prong, sucks it, squats on it and makes it splooge all over her jizz-slick chest. Wilder takes a squack break, pulling an anal bead out of her butt and popping it into her mouth while corrupting the innocence of a listless Tiffany Mynx. Continuing the theme of taking advantage of sexual playthings, Crystal ties Steve Drake's hands to bedposts, then takes on T. T. Boy and Terry Thomas, with twin dick-vectors plumbing her anal and vaginal depths, intersecting at her mouth, and sperm-spritzing both sides of her face. Crystal spits a hawk of spuzz out onto her tits. Testicle scum also lands on the downy buns of slim, trim Alex Jordan and upon the color-contrast face of a rapacious black girl, but Crystal's cum-shots are Wilder.

—C. S.



Anal-Holics: Will satisfy the anal craving.



Crystal's cum-shots are Wilder.



### ANAL-HOLICS

**Half Erect.** Directed by Ron Jeremy; starring Cash, Rick Masters, Laurie Cameron, Paul Morgan, Ted Craig, Rebecca Steele and Danyel Cheeks. Videocassette: AFV.

Anal-Holics, being a Ron Jeremy production, runs on a diarrhea stream of high-quantity, low-quality jokes. Despite the insipid patter, however, it gets straight to the point: dicks in shitters. The first chick up, a slim, sleazy brunette with a delicately upturned nose, protests her partner's desire to fuck her in the ass—but she doesn't protest much. The pasty couple plays kissy face and gulpy gonads, then moves directly to plowing the pooper. A slick of lubricating goop seeping from the slattern's bung mixes with a mega-glop of semen blasted bull's-eye upon her spread anus. The second trollop warms up with a flesh-wand in her vagina, but smoothly accommo-

dates the transition to her browneye, effecting a quick pop onto her wrinkled winker and shaved quim. Danyel Cheeks crams a strap-on dong between her humpy gal pal's cheeks; a squirmy, short-haired brunette caps her anal ride with a sheen of wad across her face and eyes; and the tape's final doxy gives a cock three quick sucks, strokes it rectally and grins to bear a coating of semen sealant. Anal-Holics will satisfy the wayward craving.

—C. S.

## •

## SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE AT CANOGA PARK 2

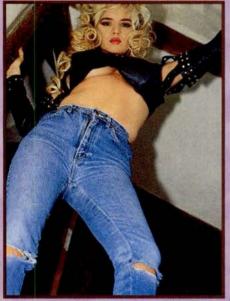
Half Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Debi Diamond, Melanie Moore, Patricia Kennedy, Jessica Fox, Chris Collins, Sean Michaels, Ron Jeremy, Marc Wallice, Lynden B. Johnson, Rick Masters, Ted Craig, Cris Ested, Paul Cop, Johnny Prober, Franko Armani and Hank Rose. Videocassette: AFV.

This combo of jokes and jism works less well the second time around. The forced laughter is more annoying, the underachieving mimicry of professional humorists is more pathetic, and the fucking itself should have been better. Debi Diamond uses Marc Wallice's penile scimitar to prove once again that she is the sword swallower of the moment, with her pussy taking over from her throat to wrench a load of splat onto her taut poop chute. Ron Jeremy, as a samurai dick, swipes at the labes of two do-anyone chicks, then drops slop on their faces; Patricia Kennedy in church-lady biddy glasses inholes most of Sean Michaels's black baton and kneels as he erupts on her tongue. Diamond bones with the fervor of someone who's trying to hurt herself through sex; so it's a shame that the closing gang-bang shows more dicks than Debi, because it really could have livened up Saturday Night.

—C. S.



Jeremy's samurai dick doesn't liven up Saturday Night.



Manor: Cheeks gets a dose of ass-fucking reality.

## ANAL MANOR

Fully Erect. Directed by Steve Perry; starring Danyel Cheeks, Donna Starr, Alysha Hart, Marianne LaMonte, Melanie Rowan, Frank Thring, Peter Allen, Olaf Sachenweger, Sam Westen, Ian McLaine and Daniel Ryan, Videocassette: Odvssev Video.

A buxom brunette is strapped to a dining-room table. Rain pelts the roof above as four men dressed as executioners and monks rip the dress from the helpless damsel and simultaneously shove three dicks in her mouth and one up her clenched asshole. As an eerie Bach concerto crescendos from an offscreen organ, a gallon of off-white goo obliterates the tart's pretty face, ending her initiation into an order of freaked-out friars. And that's just the opening of this surprisingly inventive, hot-as-shit adult feature about a prissy Madonna-like pop star (Danyel Cheeks) who gets a dose of ass-fucking reality when her entourage happens upon this English manor. Oriental cutie Rowan gets fucked by a hooded monk who nails her cunt to his dick like Christ on the cross, lifts her off the ground and eventually blows dick snot up her nose and across her face. Sam Westen gets a double shot of English hospitality, shooting semen into Hart's mouth, who then transfers the spermy spittle onto the waiting tongue of dominatrix Marianne LaMonte. Protractive director John Stagliano could take a pacing lesson from Steve Perry, who packs at least 20 separate acts of frenetic fucking into an economical 90 minutes. Whackers who last until the final orgy will witness every girl fucked or double-fucked in every portal before choking on enough chum to feed all of Africa. An epic of porn proportions. -Seth Roberts

We all know that porn queens fuck for a living, a career choice that makes them unwelcome at polite-society garden parties, but what else do we know? Whenever one of our staff gets close enough to a smut squack to ask, the only question he's truly interested in having the answer to is, "Will you fuck me?" Consequently, being so focused on what's between their legs, we seldom get a peek at what's between their ears. When we met Sarah-Jane Hamilton, we decided to treat her as an "adult-film actress," instead of the gang-banging, cum-eating, G spot-squirting

## OFF CAMERA

WITH SARAH-IANE HAMILTON

fuck monster her videos reveal her to be, and not ask her anything about sex. To make it easier to be so upstanding, we hired an outside writer to do the interview. Hamilton's credits include Steam (pictured, in the sauna), The Second Cumming of Sarah-Jane, Rainwoman 6, The British Are Coming, Reel Life, Liquid Lady, Starbangers 3 (pictured) and Jetstream.

#### What do you like to do when you're not working?

I love the theater, and going to the L.A. County Museum on Sunday, and playing with my kittens. I love to cook, to cook for other people. And I collect handmade Victorian lace clothing, hats and jewelry.

What is your personal formula for happiness?

To enjoy the smaller things in life, to learn to relax, to be a little



spiritual-if that means lighting incense or cooking a meal-just being calm. And, of course, a commitment to hard work.

Who is the person you most admire?

My mum. She put up with me for over 22 years. I admire her, and my sister and my dad.

If you could be any person in history, who would



Casanova-dashing, gallant, elegant. And as many women as he could have.

Biggest mistake you ever made?

Wearing lip gloss before a sex scene.

What's the one thing you'd like to change about yourself? The tires on my Jeep.

HUSTLER FEBRUARY

## Techno Whacks

These days nothing survives unless it's hooked up to a computer, and so it goes with porn videos, where the

next wave of cum-shots

is washing up on monitors in the form of CD-ROMs. Starware Publishing of Florida is leading the way with the computer release of Wicked (pictured), touted as the first adult photo CD, and two QuickTime movies, Betrayal and Cat and Mouse. The QuickTime movies are similar to a video, except that



the random-access function provides a high-tech fast-forward button that lets an impatient viewer jump in exactly where he wants to be. "The main reason people buy a CD-ROM movie is the novelty, particularly new computer owners," says a Starware spokesman. The photo CD program, with its



slide-show-type presentation, allows a computer whacker to print any of 100 images taken from the movie and use them in a variety of ways—such as stationery or party invitations. The photo (D package comes with a brochure that assigns the buyer certain rights to the pictures. Porn novelty isn't cheap. To step into the X-rated computer future costs \$149 for a QuickTime feature, but "you should be able to get one for a lot less," while the photo (D program runs about \$129 (\$89 without access software).



#### NIKKI'S BON VOYAGE

**Half Erect.** Directed by Wesley Emerson; starring Nikki Dial, Kristall, Laurie Cameron, Nikki Shane, Brittany O'Connell, Joey Silvera, Steve Drake, Randy Spears, Alex Sanders, Paul Morgan and E. Z. Ryder. Videocassette: VCA.

Ladies and gentlemen, Nikki Dial has left the business. If this brunet goddess of gash grew tired of fucking on film, she never showed her disdain. Instead, Dial always energized a scene as she does here with Steve Drake, wrapping her God-given D cups around his prick before climbing on his trunk and bouncing merrily like a monkey begging for a banana. And hardly is there a more nut-wrenching sight than Dial brushing her pristine teeth with pearly dick drops. While Dial has made many inspiring moments during her short smut tenure, this movie has only that one. The rest of the film is standard fare. Wasting semen on the side of Kristall's marble ass adds no new excitement to the familiar sex proceedings. Although difficult on one hand to criticize a movie that shows Nikki Shane so overcome with visual pleasure while reading a HUSTLER that she must spank her cunt to put out the fire, imagine the idiot who cast bubbly Brittany O'Connell as a saucy secretary who never even gets naked! Not the glorious cinematic send-off a stunner like Dial deserves. —S. R.



Bon Voyage: Dial's energy will be missed.



### U . MALI U'S NAST. GI LS 4

Half Erect. Directed by Buffy Malibu; starring Kristall, Busty Belle, Leslie, Brigette, Tracey Prince, Sharon Kane, Keanna, Wolfe, Minerva and Red Madonna. Videocassette: Anabolic Video.



**Buffy:** Not mercenary muffs.



Anal: Painful to watch.

The charm of Nasty Girls 4 is that all of the five pussy couples featured appear to be actual girlfriends, rather than pairs of mercenary muffs thrown together for the sake of a few bucks. At their best, Buffy's twat-tonguers seem to revel in showing off their clit-intensive sexuality to the comparatively straight world out in the video audience. The downside is that the erotic play "comes from a lesbian place." The girls kiss, grope and fondle with a lesbian sensibility that, though only subtly different from the male-directed sapphisms of two hetero bimbos, may tend to leave the viewer at home pondering sociological differences rather than the distance his curn has shot. At least six of the ten labe ladies are cute, and the enthusiasm is mostly unfeigned. Viewers who can get past the Birkenstocks may find something nasty.

—C. S.

#### ALEXANDRIA, I LOVE YOU

**One-Quarter Erect.** Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Alexandria Quinn, Chase, Jalynn, Sydney St. James, Steve Drake, Mike Horner, Celeste and Woody Long, Videocassette: AFV.

Alexandria Quinn, the love object of this video's title, is best remembered as a little girl who took a fake ID and got into porn before reaching the age of 18. Well, she's legal now, and rather than just retrieving her from the underage files to make a comeback, director F. J. Lincoln has made a porn movie about making a porn movie about Quinn's comeback. Perhaps it's the double-distancing effect that results in I Love You falling as flat as Alexandria might have been before her mammary-enhancement surgery. Parts of the production are easy on the eyes, such as the squeeze of dick wheeze that Woody Long smears on busty, class-ass Celeste's mouth and tits, and the dribbles of semen escaping Quinn's puckered lips. For the most part, Love is something that will be forgotten in the morning.

—C. S.



Alexandria is back, but Love is forgotten.



### ANAL BRAT

**One-Quarter Erect.** Directed by Jerry Dawson; starring Juliane James, Jalynn, Diane O'Daine, Sydney St. James, Ted Craig, Tony Montana, Don Gomez, Shawn Ricks, Emile James and Thrasher. Videocassette: AFV.

Sometimes the hardest part of fucking an asshole is sliding the knobby end of the prick through the tiny opening. There's an almost surreal moment during this otherwise forgettable porn fart when some guy struggles to slip his salami between the big, white loaves of Juliane James's breadbasket rump. Once he pierces her light-brown monkey button, James yelps and endures a paltry few seconds of reaming before the inevitable derriere cum-shot. Suffocation is the reward for those strokers who hold their breath for another ass-fuck in this deceptively titled piece of shit. A raunchy, grudge-fuck pounding of peroxide fuckdoll Sydney St. James is the only scene that makes any horny impression, the slut swilling splooge like a cum junkie. In the end, an anal sex tape should be painful to perform, not to watch.



### **BLI D SPOT**

**Half Erect.** Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Lene Hefner, Sierra, Lacy Rose, Laurie Cameron, Rasha Romana, Dyana Lauren, Mark Davis, Steven St. Croix and Paul Morgan. Videocassette: Vivid.

Anyone with an ounce of libido will recognize Lene Hefner to be a salacious superstar in the Janine Lindemuller mold. Lene's long, blond hair hangs straight over large, sunripened titties, and her butt cheeks have the stout, rotund smoothness of freshly picked honeydew. Too bad this movie only sticks a dick inside her once. While watching her velvety labes tickle a penetrating cock is a joy to behold, the scene shrivels when she hops off her man's muscle and watches the dumb fuck whack off onto his own belly. The rest of the movie is high-priced pap, featuring A-list sluts filmed with

the disinterest of a veteran gynecologist who's simply punching the clock. Inconsistent lensman Paul Thomas's Blind Spot is in covering beautiful girls' faces with distracting sunglasses and posing their bodies like artificial ice sculptures while annoying New Age muzak muffles the natural sounds of sex. Hmm, three fucks and a lot of senseless posing; let's hope luscious Lene stays in the business long enough to get off. —S. R.



**Half Erect.** Directed by Henri Pachard and Gloria Leonard; starring Seka, Selena Steele, Tiffany Million, Nicole London, Melanie Moore, Sierra, Nick East, Steve Drake, Tony Tedeschi, Randy West and Jonathan Morgan. Videocassette: VCA.

VCA put down a lot of cash to make American Garter, a 1961 period piece about the daily sexual soap opera at a New York lingerie company, and dollar signs sparkle in the sets and the costumes. Virtually every aspect of Seka's return to the blue screen is awash in the essence of wallet—everything but the script, which is cliché and pointless, and the sex, which is of the dime-store variety and strictly off the rack. Although Seka isn't the sleek cock-destroyer she once was, she remains a platinum vision and deserves to return to X in better fashion.

—Scott Mallory



Only one dick hits Hefner's Spot.



Garter: Seka deserves better fashion.

## STROKER'S GUIDE

A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



#### FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

#### Black Orchid (Western Visuals)

Ona Zee, Lacy Rose, Jonathan Morgan

#### New Wave Hookers 3 (VCA)

Crystal Wilder, Tiffany Million,

Jon Dough

#### Pussyman 1&2 (Coast to Coast)

Melanie Moore, Summer Knight, Tom Byron



#### THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

#### Anal Attitude (Hollywood Video)

Debi Diamond, Nicole London, Marc Wallice

#### Butt Slammers 2 (Bruce Seven Productions)

Felecia, Celeste, Misty Rain

#### Dragon Lady 5 (Western Visuals)

Keanna, Stephanie DuValle, Ron Jeremy

#### The Gang Bang Girl 11 (Anabolic Video)

Deborah Wells, Lady Berlin, Monique

#### Hollywood Temps (Vivid)

P. J. Sparxx, Debi Diamond, Joev Silvera

#### The Rehearsal (VCA)

Lydia Chanel, Cheri Lynn, Rocco Siffredi

#### Sensuous Exposure (Ultimate Video)

Kelly O'Dell, Debi Diamond, Mark Davis



#### HALF ERECT

Standard fare. Has moments.

#### Black Booty (Zane)

Crystal Wilder, Nicole London, Sean Michaels

#### Bull Dyke Humiliation (Pleasure Productions)

Ariana, Gia, Cheri

#### Buzzz! (Odyssey Group)

Leena, Ona Zee, Shawn Ricks

#### Crimson Kiss (Western Visuals)

Ariana, Nicole London, Sean Michaels

#### Panties (Vidco)

Crystal Wilder, Skye Blue, Randy Spears

#### The Sex Connection (VCA)

Nicole London, Kiss, Kris Newz



#### ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

### TOOL BOIL TO SPECT HIS

#### Poor Little Rich Girl 2 (Wicked Pictures)

Alexis DeVell, Crystal Wilder, Jonathan Morgan

#### 7 Good Women (Hollywood Video)

Melanie Moore, Rebecca Bardoux, Lacy Rose

#### Snake Dance (Vivid)

Hyapatia Lee, Shawnee, Mike Horner

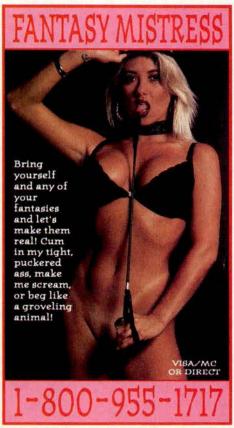


### TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

Inside of Me (Pleasure Productions)

Busty Belle, Tianna Taylor, Alex







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## **Feedback**

(continued from page 15)

Playboy. The girls are wonderful, let's get real, and I buy this kind of mag for sexy girls, not for articles. That moral magazine just fills its pages with "serious" articles. Bah! I didn't like the Hot Letters of the HUSTLER issue, especially the clown story ("The Clowning Touch," Hot Letters, October '93), which horribly stinks. Also, I don't like to see a cock in your pictorials. I like women! I just wanted to tell you that I loved the closeup of Shannon's ass on page 81. I have masturbated a lot from it. Tell that hot, blond bitch that she's a goddess! I frequently buy Playboy, but after discovering Shannon, I'm sure I'll get HUSTLER more often. Please repeat more photos of Shannon. Start a fan club, print T-shirts-I'll buy everything. Keep the covers and pictorials as good as Shannon's, and you have a new -Aztec HUSTLER monthly buyer! Somewhere in Mexico

**Nit-Picking Gringo** 

Shannon, in HUSTLER's October issue (Shannon: Fleshquake, October '93) was absolutely gorgeous. However, I have a couple of complaints about Shannon's pictorial. For some reason or another, you cropped off her feet in many of the photos, even though Shannon has the prettiest feet of any model I've seen in men's mags for ages. The photo on page 82 seemed regrettably marred by the cropping. I wish you would leave all of the model in your pictures. In addition, when you get a model of Shannon's caliber, why not do about 30 pages on her instead of the usual eight or ten? You could have dispensed with Andrea (Andrea: Cha, Cha, Cha!, October '93) Shane and Dan (Shane and Dan: Desert Fox, October '93) and Brittney and Tracey (Brittney and Tracey: Spitting Image, October '93)—all of whom are types that can be seen in any mag and none of which interested me in the least. I agree with Detroit reader R. N., who wrote in Feedback ("Eye Contact," Feedback, October '93) that HUSTLER photographers should stress eye contact and include more butthole shots with the model looking at the camera.

I hope HUSTLER shows more of Shannon in the future. If you were to publish a whole book of Shannon's pics, I'd buy it. It was really nice to see traditional nudes, without boots, high heels, stockings, lesbians, massively hung studs, etc. Clive McLean is to be complimented on his well-lit, high-resolution photography. Does Shannon have a tat-

too of a lizard on her right shoulder?—J. C. Toronto, Canada

The tattoo gracing Shannon's shoulder is the image of a photographer's calipers, a symbol that serves as a fond reminder of her loving mother's concern that all photos of Shannon's butthole be printed as large on a page as can be, regardless of whether or not the other end of her beautiful body can be seen at the same time.

#### **Funny You Should Ask**

I was wondering if it was possible for HUSTLER to do a "whatever became of...." series on former adult-film actors and actresses. I'd love to read it! —J. Z. Inglewood, California

A whatever-happened-to article revealing the afterlives of nearly a dozen of the most famous, most missed names in the skindustry is currently in the works at HUSTLER. Look for it in an upcoming issue.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER <u>Feedback</u>, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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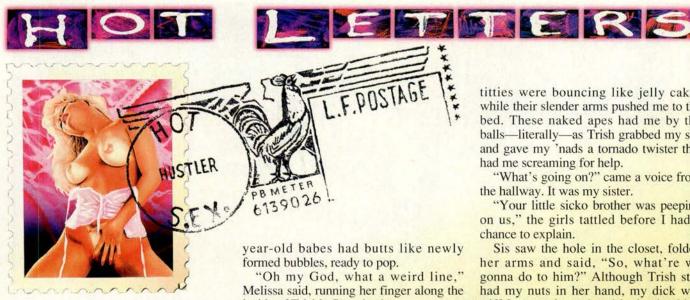












#### 20/20 HINDSIGHT

I am not a pervert; I just like looking at naked chicks, especially when they don't know I'm checking them out. I used to bang my face spying on my sister's girlfriends through doorjambs until I took peeping to a higher, as it were, level.

The summer after my sister and I had both turned 18 was our last together in the folks' house. It was also my last chance to act like a pervert without getting arrested. My sister's bedroom was separated from mine by the bathroom we'd shared since we were kids. One day, when my sis was at the beach with friends, I drilled a hole the size of a half-dollar in the closet wall that bordered the bathroom. The hole was low to the ground to remain unobtrusive. I now had a clear, knee-high view of the bathtub. I slipped on a Cheap Trick record, lit a joint and waited for the peep show to begin.

The front door slammed shut; the girls were home! I hid in my closet and pressed my eye to the splintered hole. Three girls giggled in my sister's room, and then one, a friend named Melissa, walked into the bathroom. She stared into the mirror and took off her sundress, revealing a bright-blue bathing suit and fresh tan lines from the beach. She said something about "having a rinse," and my dick practically popped a new hole in the wall when the other friend, Trish, said, "I'll join you."

My sister went downstairs to fix tuna sandwiches, while these two teenage darlings peeled the bits of fabric from between tanned butt cheeks and turned the water on in the tub. Grains of sand fell to the floor. I was lying on my stomach staring into two furry, young pussies, gleaming with suntan oil. These two 20inside of Trish's firm cheeks.

"Brush the sand out of there," Trish asked while bending forward to check the water temperature. Her butt naturally split apart revealing the glorious, lightbrown folds of skin between the golden arches. Melissa ran her hand matter-offactly through the tushy trough, sweeping sand away from the sphincters and onto the floor.

While my dick slid effortlessly through my clenched fist, the girls jumped into the tub and lathered each other's butts, backs and boobs. These chicks weren't dykes or anything, but they had no problem running soapy hands across each other's round tits. Girls are so much more open than guys, Melissa, whose chest ornaments were larger, ran her hands around her slippery orbs, running the soap seductively through her cleave, then down into her hairy twat. Water splashed against their skin. Frothy, white foam dribbled from the girls' gashes.

I twisted my body lower to get a better view, and my knee accidentally banged the wall. Thud! I rubbed my throbbing patella and had twisted back into the original downright, locked position when I noticed the girls were no longer standing in the tub. The water was still running, but the babes and labes were MIA. The silence was numbing when my closet door opened with a violating Whooosh!

"What the fuck are you doing, pervo?" Melissa yelled, arms folded over her dripping breasts.

'Folding socks," I replied, sounding unconvincing.

"With your weenie in your hand?" spat Trish. The girls were onto me. They started whapping at my exposed peen with the rolled-up ends of their towels and kicking my face with their bare feet. I crawled out of the closet amid a barrage of fists and fingernails. Their suntanned

titties were bouncing like jelly cakes while their slender arms pushed me to the bed. These naked apes had me by the balls—literally—as Trish grabbed my sac and gave my 'nads a tornado twister that had me screaming for help.

"What's going on?" came a voice from the hallway. It was my sister.

"Your little sicko brother was peeping on us," the girls tattled before I had a chance to explain.

Sis saw the hole in the closet, folded her arms and said, "So, what're we gonna do to him?" Although Trish still had my nuts in her hand, my dick was stiff from staring at her dripping boobies. Melissa wrapped her naked arm around my neck, locking my head while her slick tits pressed into my back. I was scared and aroused.

My sister fetched some hairpins, handed them to Trish and sat in the corner to watch. The friend clamped the pins to my balls, restricting the blood flow. "Ready to blow, you piece of shit?" Trish spat like a dominatrix in a B-movie. The girls tied my hands with a pillow slip and stuffed my sister's soiled panties into my mouth. My nostrils flared, and my dick throbbed as the two naked honeys performed an impromptu tease show. Trish rubbed her hands over her titties and bent forward, giving me the closest



glimpse of a real life cunt I'd ever seen. The pussy lips were thin and bright pink, like a hot, holiday ham.

Melissa sunk her middle finger into her own wet vagina and pulled out the damp digit. "Come on, dick," she cackled, "smell me." She placed the dirty finger under my nose; her pussy aroma reeked of honey butter, and I inhaled the

(continued on page 31)

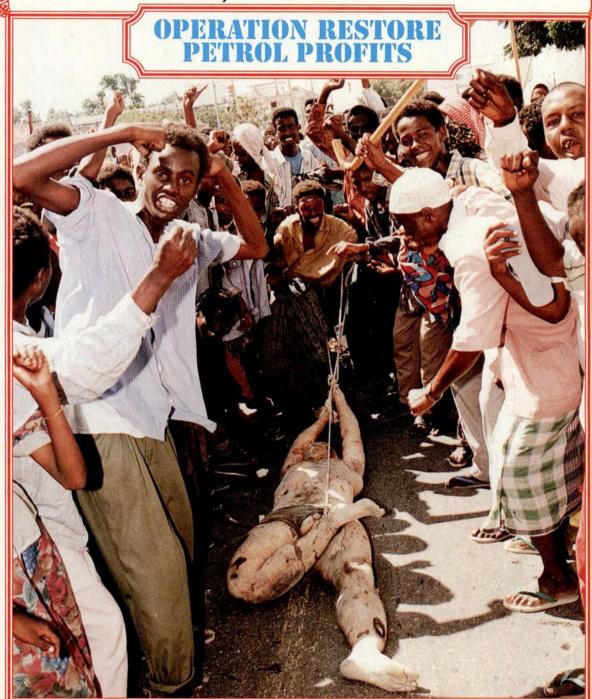
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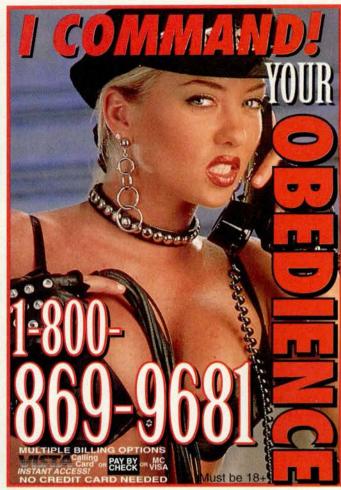
# Disaster Peace Theater



Tonight's featured program of dead U.S. soldiers being dragged through the streets of Somalia is brought to you by a grant from Big Oil of USA. As reported in the April '93 *Harper's* Index, American oil companies have purchased drilling rights to 60% of Somalia, making that otherwise worthless country a treasure trove of black gold. What are a few GI lives compared to a barrel of crude?











## HOT LETTERS

She swayed her ass like a bitch in a disco, tickling her pooey pit against my nostril hairs. Melissa licked her palm, then clutched and jerked my shaft.

sweetness until she shoved the finger up my nose, leaving her scent on a couple of unpicked boogers.

My sister laughed out loud as Trish turned around, bent forward and backed her big butt into my stinging face. "Get a whiff of this," she laughed, spreading the cheeks apart so that my nose poked right into that sandpaper bunghole of hers. She swayed her ass like a bitch in a disco, tickling her pooey pit against my nostril hairs. Melissa licked her palm, then clutched and jerked my shaft like an Indy driver changing gears. She shifted into overdrive, stroking my Scotty faster and faster while I tried to dislodge those tasty panties from my mouth to get a tongueful of Ms. Manners, whose warm, yet surprisingly sweet-smelling, asshole was still suffocating me.

"He's coming, Trish, he's coming!" Melissa seemed pleased to announce. Her friend dislodged her butt cheeks from my face and grabbed my ankles, pushing them back toward my head. With my hands still tied and my back flat on the bed, she kept bending my body until my cock inched closer and closer to my own face. I felt like a goddamn pretzel, locked eye-to-eye with my peehole.

Melissa straddled my neck with her thighs to keep my head from moving. Her big boobs hung over my face, the nipples standing erect from the thrill and chill of the activity. I felt her warm cunt against the back of my head, while Trish ran her sticky tongue along my dick like a little girl lapping a cherry Big Stick. "Go! Go! Go! Go!" the girls chanted as Trish quickly removed the pins from my balls and stood back. Rockets of cum exploded from my upside-down donger and crashed against my own face, bouncing off my nose and dribbling down my left cheek. The next shots thankfully flew over my head and nailed Melissa on one of her hanging jugs. The remainder of the flow splashed against my stomach and ended with a snail's trail of goo down the side of my painfully sensitive cock. Trish scooped a goober of sperm into her palm and tested the salty fluid with her tongue. Melissa bounced to her feet and back into the bathroom, where the other girls quickly joined her, leaving me bound and drowned in my own goddamn pewter.

Looking back, I wish I'd never drilled that fucking hole. My sister never let me forget the violation and continues to humiliate me. In fact, since that day, I can't have a good orgasm unless I spew onto myself. Gross, I know, but it's the only way my brain will let me come. Sometimes I feel like shooting myself in the head. Of course, if I did kill myself, the coroners would probably find traces of sperm mixed in with the blood splattered on my face.

—B. N.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

#### OUT WITH THE OLD, IN WITH THE NEW

Just because feminists have stamped out sexual harassment doesn't mean a guy can't fuck his secretary. He simply has to be sly. Jenny can't type, makes shitty coffee and loses a third of my calls; but she's got great tits. 36DD, I'd guess those suckers to be, and round as a newborn baby's head. I've never made any lewd innuendos to Jen; perhaps it was my gentleman's behavior that attracted her.

We were at our company's Christmas Eve party when I saw Jenny standing under a clump of mistletoe. She was some sight, wearing a glittery, green dress that clung to her body like mossy semen. There wasn't a ripple anywhere along her dangerous curves. The color of the garment made her emerald eyes erupt with sparkling energy. Her high, spiked heels made her bare thighs flex with every step she took. A bright, red Santa's cap was perched atop her thick, brunet hair. This elf made my hairy bells jingle but good.

She gestured me over and slung her arms around my shoulders. She pulled me close, pressing her round bazooms into my pecs. "Thank you for the bonus," she slurred and pressed her thick lips into my mouth, giving me a kiss that could've passed for the Heimlich had I been choking.

"Believe me, you're very welcome," I said, catching my breath. I tried to pull away—I really did—but she wouldn't let me go.

"You're a sexy man, Mr. O'Clock," she whispered, her eyes darting over my shoulder. "Come on," she giggled and pulled me into the nearby Xerox room. She closed the door. The lights were off, but the computerized screens of the machines cast a cybergenic glow through the room.

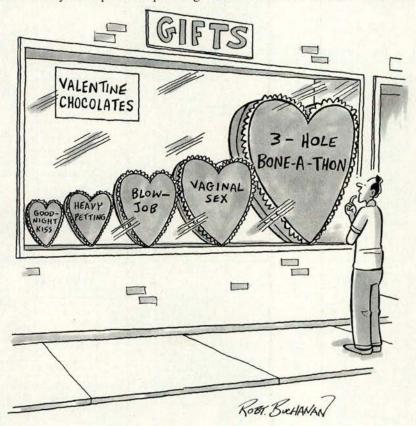
"I know I'm a little drunk," she laughed, "but I've often fantasized about you, sir."

"Please," I said, "call me Rod."

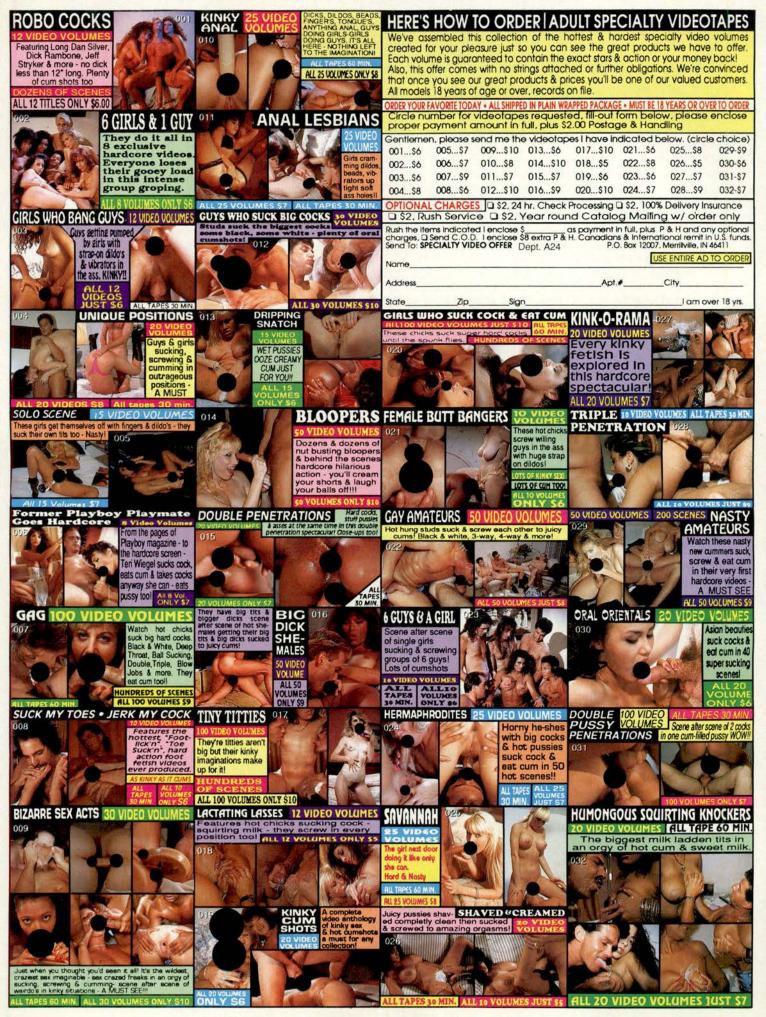
"But that's not your name," she replied, running her bottom lip against my ear.

I loosened my tie. "I know, but tonight I want to be someone else."

My fingers tugged at the silky straps that brushed her shoulders. Gently, I slid them down her tanned arms. Inch by



HUSTLER FEBRUARY 31



### LETTERS

glorious inch, her breasts spilled out from the dress. The room was spinning; the gentle purr of the idling Xerox machines created a robotic soundtrack for our smack kisses. Her garment dropped to the floor, exposing firm thighs and immovable buttocks. I ran my hands across her scrumptious tits, each twice more than a handful, but standing proudly at attention.

I dropped to my knees and started licking at her feet. My tongue tickled the underside of her smooth, naked toes and painted its way up her slender calves, around the hollow socket of her knee and up to those granite thighs.

I sank my chubby fingers into her prime leg meat and wrapped as much of my mouth as I could around her flesh. I wore her pussy like a yarmulke and felt its teflon coolness against my bald spot.

"That's it; kiss me there," she swooned, spreading her legs like a wishbone. My tongue slapped against her pussy lips as my nose wedged against her mushrooming clitoris. The deeper my tongue probed her twat, the harder her pinhead clit punched my nose. I slid my face underneath her cunt and spread apart her golden buttcheeks with both hands.

"I'm gonna suck your asshole, honey." She moaned her affirmation, and I supped from her shitter, grinding my tongue into the delicate shrivels, tasting the tart moisture just inside the opening.

Suddenly, I was no longer old. I felt like a school kid again, feeling up little Mary Martin behind the handball courts. I leapt to my feet, the taste of her asshole fresh on my mouth. We kissed and banged tongues together. She sat her ass on the glass of the Xerox machine, and I slipped my knobby noodle inside her strawberry cunt. The pussy pulled me deep, as if my dick were caught in a vulva vortex. My knees knocked the side of the machine as I pumped my secretary like a goddamn stud.

"Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me!" she bayed. I grabbed her big tits for support, my dick slithering in and out of her silky gash as her ass squeaked against the glass.

My dick banged the back of her vag as her pussy muscles flexed, tickling my tip with warm, spongy sensations. Sperm knocked on the head of my cock, begging to come inside this honey's houseboat.

I pushed deeper, slapping my balls against her sweaty buttocks. My dangling foot bopped the side of the machine, and suddenly the equipment chugged to life. While I pounded this fresh piece of poontango, photocopies shot out of the

slot. Jen sank her fingernails into my back as I kept pumping. The room glowed like some weird sci-fi movie as her tits and ass were illuminated with the green light of the Xerox. Her right hand spanked her clitoris, scratching the top of my cock at the same time.

I pulled my dick from her pussy and shot my spuzz across her damp pubes and against her heaving chest. Excess cum dripped onto the copying glass as the malfunctioning machine continued shooting photos. Jesus Christ, I just fucked my secretary! was the thought banging around in my head. I wiped my sperm from her tits with my tie and collected the X-rated photocopies while

she disengaged the machine. "Thank you," she smiled. She gave me a peck on the cheek.

The next day black-and-white photos of my dick inside my secretary were plastered throughout the mailroom. We must have missed some copies inside the sorting bin. Jenny was soon fired, and I've been temporarily "laid off." Oh fucking well; sometimes you have to take chances in life and have fun! By the way, does Larry Flynt have any openings for an older executive with an active libido? —G. S.

St. Louis, Missouri

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot Letters</u>, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.





















Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

## THE SADOWS UPDER

#### WOMENIS SIXUAL FEARS

by B. Gordon Wheeler

Thirty-four-year-old John is worried. Rita, his wife of three years, has not been her carefree self lately.

"Anything on your mind?" he asks. She smiles and says nothing.

John and Rita's sex life has become more of a wake than a romp. At his every touch, she meets his amorous gaze with a questioning look. Finally, John can take no more.

"Listen," he confronts her. "Are you seeing someone else?"

Rita bursts into tears.

"No!" she cries.

"What's wrong, then?" John asks gently.

She buries her face in her hands.

"I can't tell you," she murmurs.

According to Rebecca Gray, director of the South County Sexology Associates in Sacramento, California, the desire of most women to be excellent lovers leads to fears that can damage sex relationships. These worries are especially problematic because women keep them secret—usually the men who share their beds know nothing is wrong until it's too late for help or

reassurance. A woman's secret fear of failure, warns Gray, can lead to performance anxiety and the



Therapist Denise Gibson of California's Riverside County Sex Therapy Group considers loss of sexual desire to be most women's ultimate fear.

"When couples don't have sex as often as they feel they used to or should, a fear of loss of actual desire occurs," states Gibson. "[Loss of desire] is especially frightening to a woman because its causes—sickness, stress, pregnancy, birth and so on—are so various."

John Walchak, founder of the Riverside County Sex Therapy Group, describes a typical fear-related scenario among female clients. "When a sexual relationship becomes lifeless," says Walchak, "the woman typically worries that it's because she's gotten old or her man isn't turned on by her. The real reason is neither age nor lack of stimulation, but sexual anxieties that need to be recognized and discussed."

Fear that their mates may compare them unfavorably to previous lovers worries many women. "[Imagining comparisons between themselves and former lovers] puts women in desperate competition with ghostly rivals from the past," explains Gray, "and often results in performance anxiety."

Twenty-four-year-old secretary Gaynelle has experienced this fear. "When our sex life wasn't satisfying," says Gaynelle, "I was afraid my boyfriend was comparing me to a previous lover. Sometimes, after intercourse or other sex acts, I'd ask him, 'Do you ever fantasize about making love to other women?' He wouldn't bother to answer." Gaynelle's boyfriend's avoidance of the issue increased her anxiety—and contributed to their breakup. States Gaynelle, "If he would've answered, 'Not since I've been with you,' perhaps I'd still be dating him."

"Knowing what to tell a woman and telling her," advises Walchak, "nurtures the trust and deep relaxation needed to foster successful sexual encounters."

"I'm in my first sexual relationship," says 22-year-old Troylynn, "but it's my boyfriend's second. I know he worshiped his first lover, and it was a long time before I stopped worrying about being compared to her. As it turned out, they'd hardly screwed at all during the last few months they were together. Based on what he says to me during our lovemaking, I'm convinced he views me favorably, and we're having better sex because of it."

"It's common knowledge that many men worry about the size of their penis," notes Gibson. "Conversely, many women worry about the size, and shape, of their vagina. But they worry about their breasts, buttocks, hips and thighs as well."

"I thought my pussy was too loose," confesses Gray, "until I met a guy who taught me how to screw."

Raven-haired, brown-eyed Gray believes her fears about the size of her vagina stemmed from a less-than-

(continued on page 47)

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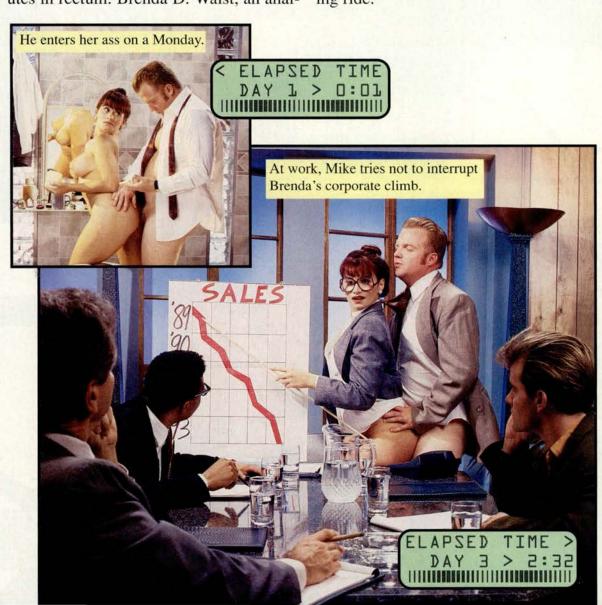
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# HUSTILLR

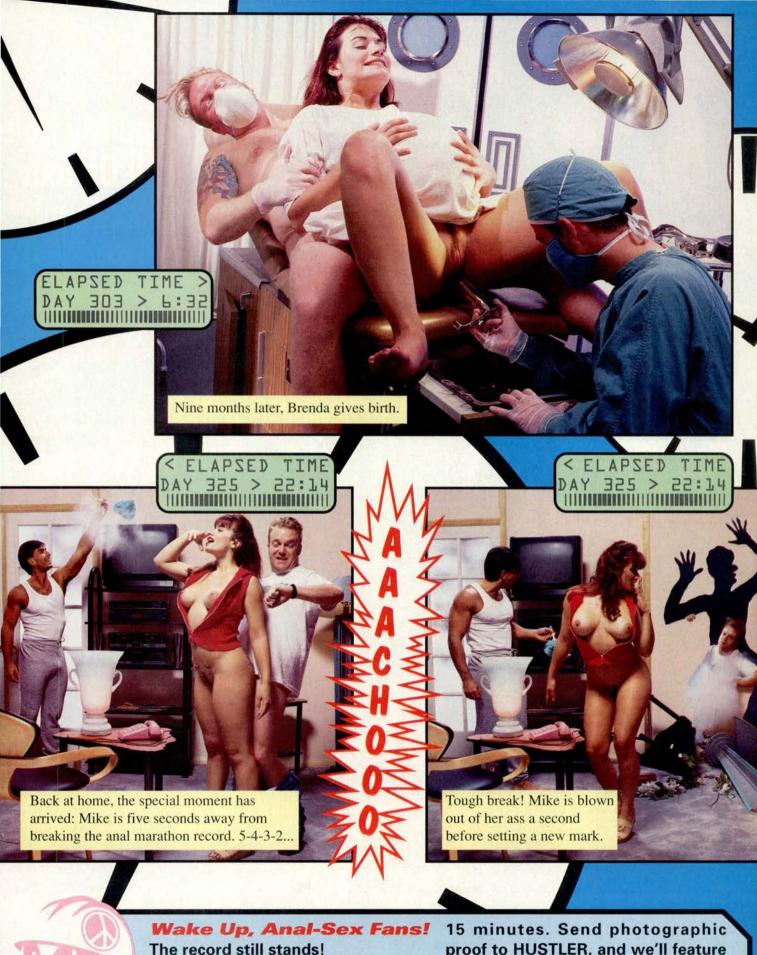
#### **BOOK OF RAUNCH RECORDS**

Mike Knob, a laid-off mail carrier, wants his 15 minutes of fame. He decides to assail the standing ass-fucking marathon record of 325 days, 22 hours and 15 minutes in rectum. Brenda D. Waist, an anal-

retentive obsessive Mike met at an AA meeting, agrees to help Mike achieve a new high in sphincter-busting endurance. HUSTLER tags along for the butt-bumping ride.



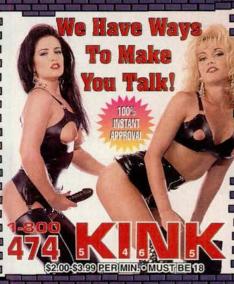




Find a woman and fuck her ass longer than 325 days, 22 hours and

proof to HUSTLER, and we'll feature your anal journey in an upcoming issue. Don't delay; ass-fuck today!







### WELCOME TO OUR FUCKHOUSE









(continued from page 39) pleasant sexual encounter. "It now sounds ridiculous," she says, "but once, when I was 17, I had intercourse with a guy who told me he didn't enjoy it very much because he preferred women with tight pussies. Ever since, I'd had this secret fear that my pussy was too loose."

The key to getting her selfconfidence up, states Gray,

was praise, positioning and guidance. Praise reduced her resistance to intimacy, and guidance, coupled with experiments in positioning during intercourse, restored her faith in her sexual desirability.

"With my legs spread wide," Gray describes, "my pussy is large, even loose. But, instead of insults, [the man I'm with now] introduced me to new and exciting positions for intercourse. I know he's completely satisfied every time we make love."

"Countless women secretly fear that their vagina is too large or too loose," confirms Gibson. "Others believe their vagina is too small or too tight."

"The vagina and genital area are the focus of many women's fears," echoes Walchak. "Too loose, too tight, too much pubic hair, not enough pubic hair—I've even had patients express fears and concerns about the size and shape of their vaginal lips."

Fear of having small breasts has its origins in childhood and adolescence.

"Women begin to compare their breasts against those of friends," says Gibson, "even before they begin wearing training bras."

"Little girls see their mother or older sisters naked," adds Walchak, "and worry that their own breasts will never be as large as those of a full-grown woman. Insecure teenage girls believe that if their breasts were bigger, they'd be more popular and appealing."

Says Gray, the director of the Sexology Associates and a 34B cup, "Like penises, tits come in all shapes and sizes—and few of us are content with what we have."

Many women's darkest fears involve possible homosexuality. According to Gray, "Women are sometimes attracted to other women, but it doesn't always lead to a sexual encounter. Basically, we're afraid we might enjoy it, and we don't know what that would do to our sense of balance."

Fear of lesbianism may strike even those women who are enjoying rewarding, heterosexual relationships.

"At some point in their lives, most women become attracted to another woman," says Walchak.

Even for otherwise adventurous women, fear

of taking risks during sexual encounters can limit their lovemaking.

"Fear of risk-taking," says Gibson, "prevents many women from experiencing the joys of mutual masturbation, as well as the satisfaction of oral and anal sex."

"Couples who have great sex are willing to be adventurous," believes Walchak. "They experiment. They dress up in costumes or use sex toys and aids. They tell each other their fantasies and act them out. Anything goes."

"My boyfriend wants me to have anal sex with him," admits Leola, a 19-year-old McDonald's employee. "I'm afraid it might be too painful. Still, I would be more than willing to try it—if I could be sure he'd pull out when I told him to."

Leola says she's not convinced her boyfriend would do as she asks. "I'm afraid he'd shove his dick up my ass," she says, "whether I wanted him to continue or not."

A surprising number of women, not only virgins and the anally inexperienced, fear that something painful will happen during lovemaking.

"If a patient tells me she has pain during intercourse," says Walchak, "I know something is wrong. Sex is a natural function. It may be accompanied by varying degrees of pleasure, from mild to ecstatic, but it should never hurt."

In most cases, a woman's pain or dis-

comfort during sex has a physical cause, including insufficient lubrication, vaginitis, vaginismus (a spasm of the vaginal muscles) and sexually transmitted diseases such as herpes and genital warts. In others, there may be an emotional reason or a combination of physical and psychological sources. If it's physical, the affliction is often easily treatable; if it's psychological, a lack of communication may be at fault.

Communication is often the key to resolving sexual fears and problems. Proper timing, however, is essential.

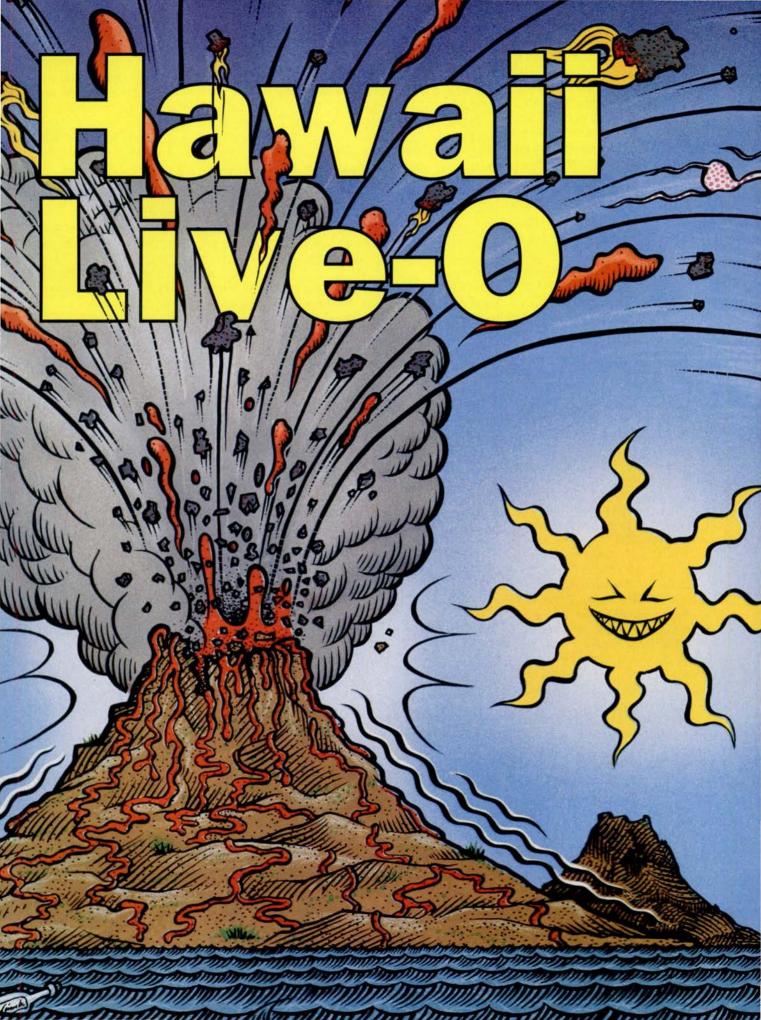
"Experience has proved that the worst time to begin talking about sex is in bed—before, during or after making love," Walchak says. "Instead, a couple can facilitate the exchange of sensitive information by choosing a neutral time and place to talk about sex."

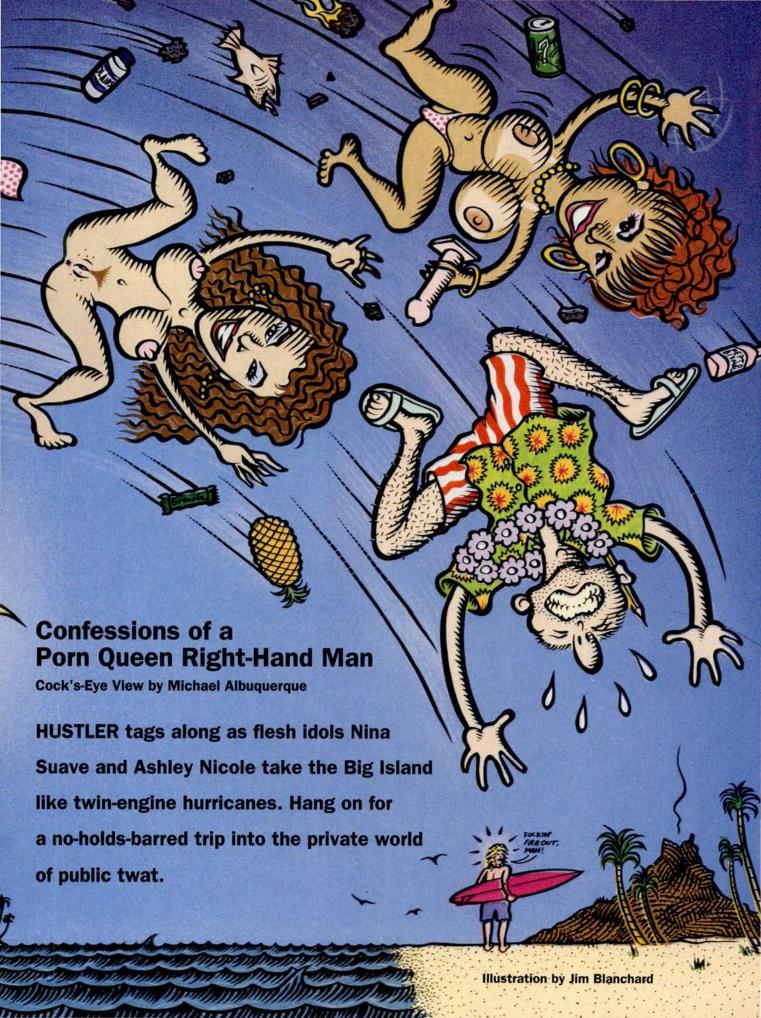
Breathing freely and giving full rein to grunts, moans, groans and spoken words during the sex act itself facilitates understanding as well as orgasm—for the noise-maker and listener alike.

"A conscious effort by both parties not to hold their breath or suppress natural sounds during intercourse," advises Gibson, "is as crucial to fostering explosive intercourse as verbal praise and approval. A woman who fears that she's failing her man as a lover doesn't need criticism. She needs love and lots of reassurance."



"I'm seeing a lot of you tricks married to radical feminists."





#### Hawaii Live-O

Shaking her shiny mane, Nina smiles. "I want to meet one, two, three, maybe four men," she says. "I plan to carry lots of rubbers. I'm ready to pump!"

Through the midnight haze of the VCR, the fuck-and-suck antics of dirty dollies, as titillatingly mysterious as any mainstream movie star, leap full-blown into hand-humpers' laps. Orgasm-addled onanists who wipe up wishing for a reallife encounter with such ethereal, erotic enchantresses, take note.

When the opportunity came up to accompany Catholic-schoolgirl-gone-astray Nina Suave and Ashley Nicole, the dreamy witch-goddess of oral Orange County, on a two-week engagement at a Honolulu, Hawaii, dance-and-fantasybooth club, HUSTLER emissary Michael Albuquerque itched to follow their trail. Forthwith is Albuquerque's firsthand account of this sex-besotted sojourn.

Waiting at the departure terminal at L.A. International Airport, Ashley Nicole bets that Nina Suave will miss the flight. A tour bus disgorges a load of surly senior citizens making tracks for the Islands. None of the fogies appreciates the proximity of a gracious goddess of gash.

"Where the fuck have you been?"

Ashley screams when Nina emerges triumphant from the cotton-head crush.

"Hey, hey, hey!" shouts a geezer wearing a Lawrence Welk World Tour 1967 T-shirt. The wattle on his turkey neck wobbles as he jams a finger in Ashley's face.

"What's your problem?" asks Ashley, clearly not sympathetic to a guy whose favorite beat is Champagne Music.

"Is that kind of rude language really necessary?" says the oldest timer. "My wife and I—"

"My language?" shrieks Ashley, a harpie to the end. "I'll talk any fuckin' way I fuckin' please!"

Ukuleles and steel guitars filter through the PA system aboard the plane. It's the voice of Don Ho: "Tiny Bubbles."

After swallowing the tablets that my doctor has prescribed for anxiety, my final recollection of Los Angeles is of two porn stars giggling and making airplane noises.

Opening my eyes, I have a vision of paradise. Nina's sweater appears to have been spray-painted onto her body. Her tits are like volleyballs; we're in a limousine, driving along tree-lined Kapiolani Avenue to the Wild Horse, the club where the girls are scheduled to appear.

"He doesn't look too good," Ashley says to Nina. I swallow hard and mutter something about needing to eat as the limo wheels into the parking lot.

There's a handwritten note taped to the refrigerator in our Honolulu hotel room: "The management wishes to inform you that insects are a vital part of the tropical ecosystem. Don't fuck with our cockroaches!"

Victimized by our unfamiliarity with the 50th state, Nina, Ashley and I have been booked into a residential hovel favored by junkies and toothless old winos. The thick, cinder-block walls have been painted a cheery, department-ofcorrections gray, and weird stains ring the bathtub, probably traces of the hotel's most recent dismemberment murder.

We have adjoining bedrooms—666 through 668. Appropriate numbers for the surroundings. Both girls need to replenish their makeup kits. Ashley needs a quick repair job on a pair of her sexy spike pumps.

We head to the local mall. Nina attacks the cosmetics counter with the ferocity of a tiger shark; Ashley and I enter Beach Comber Jack's House of Shoe Repair.

Ashley says she needs her shoes fixed right away. Unfortunately, Beach Comber Jack doesn't do rush jobs. He's an artist—a shoe-repair Picasso. Ashley yanks her spikes out of his boot-blacked hands and comments that he'd be out of business in a week if he were in Southern California. Jack points out that he's not.

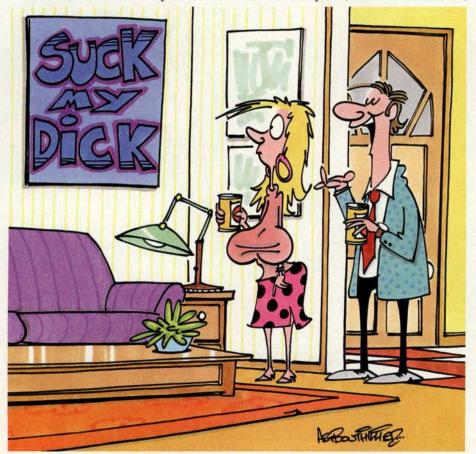
We meet up with Nina, who has purchased, in addition to makeup, a sixfoot, blow-up Godzilla. Imagining Nina's ripe lips blowing, blowing, blowing makes me dizzy.

Ashley is scheduled to perform at six. I take her to the club. When I get back to the hotel, Nina's in bed. Her complexion is paler than the sheet she has wrapped around her. She sends me to the convenience store for a bottle of Pepto Bismol, three cans of 7-Up, a granola bar and some Rolaids. By the time I get back, Nina can only moan, "I'm sick, I'm sick."

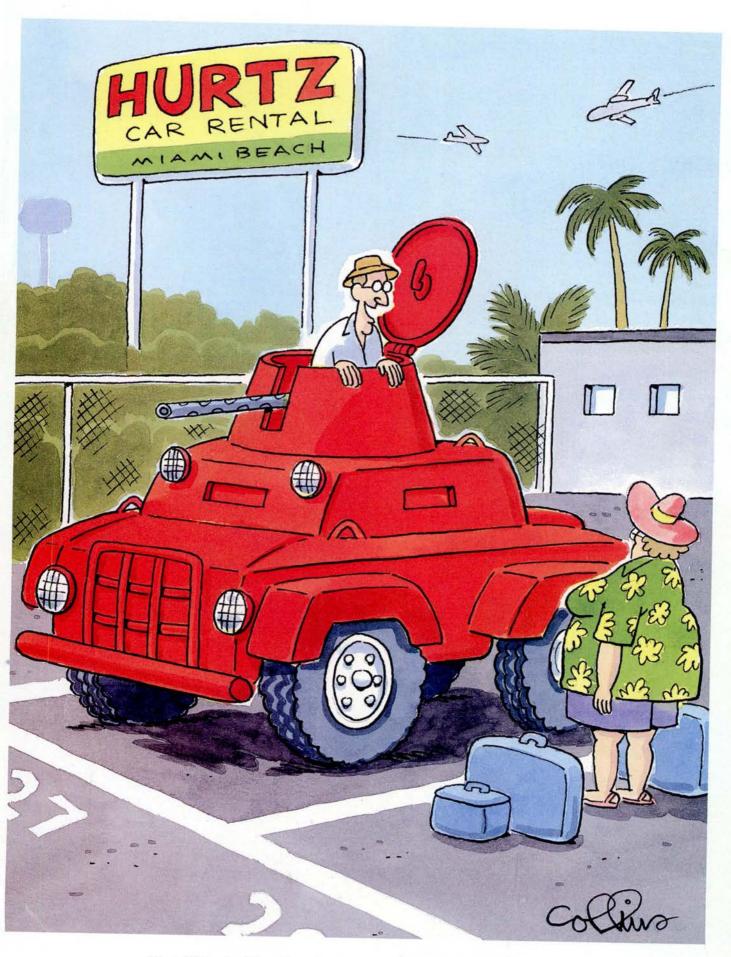
She asks me to go to the club and tell Ashley to inform the manager that his guest-booth girl can't make the show.

In the club's dressing room, Ashley listens distractedly and agrees to tell the manager as soon as she finishes her set. All the time she's talking, she's lubing her pussy and feeding in a string of pearls. She assures me that there won't be any problems.

Back at the hotel, Nina's groaning in (continued on page 60)

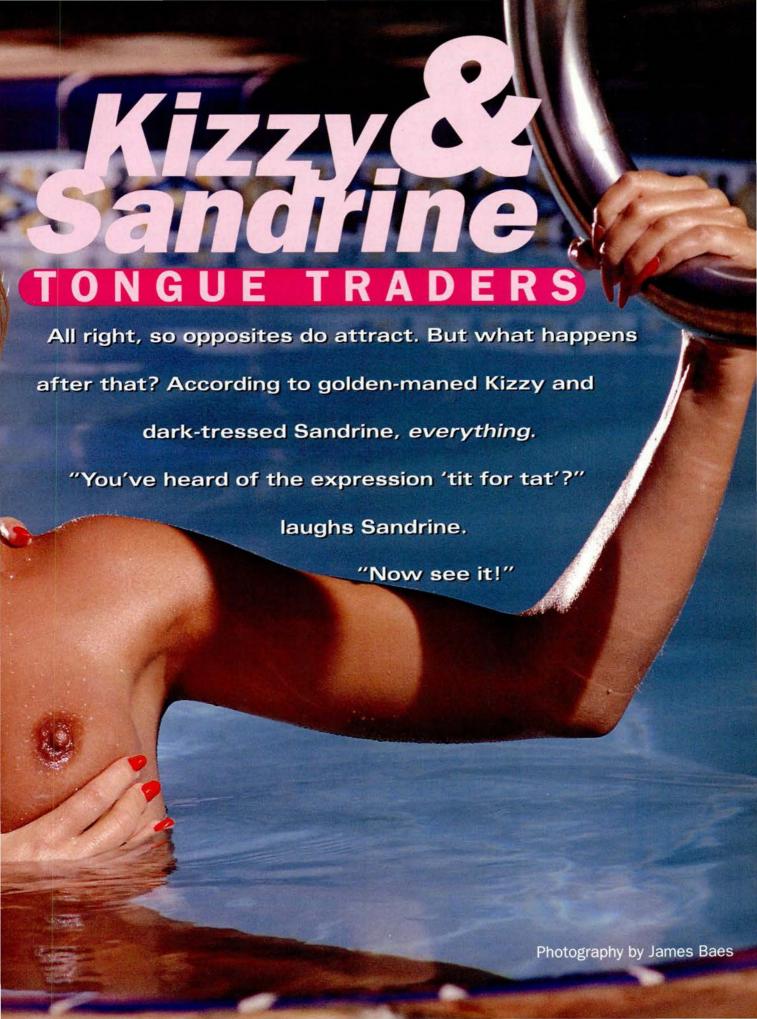


"That's not art; that's my motto!"



"Gretel! You should zee dis—it hass vay more headroom than zee Chrysler."























#### Hawaii Live-O

(continued from page 50)

"I want you to play with yourself," directs Nina. She sucks her dildo, rolling over on her stomach, fingering her asshole. She eases onto her back and spreads her legs wide.

her sleep. The phone rings. It's the manager of the club. He's not a happy man. In fact, he's screaming so loudly that his voice can be heard through the receiver from across the room. Nina explains her situation and hangs up.

"Why didn't you tell him I was sick?" she whines. I remind her that she asked me to have Ashley do it, which turns out

to be the wrong answer.

"Damn it, Mikey," scolds Nina. "You've got to take care of business!"

The club manager told Nina that she owes him money for missing the night. Under a barrage of curses, I slink out of the room and onto the humid streets of nighttime Honolulu.

Nina, Ashley and I spend the morning driving around in the rental car looking for what Ashley describes as a "good beach." I learn what this means when Nina asks the pop-eyed sentry at the gates of a military base, "Where are all the guys with muscles?"

The sentry gulps and points down the street. Nina wheels the car around, and the girls head down the strand in string bikinis, attracting a growing crowd of admirers.

We find a spot on the sand. Nina and

Ashley adjust their bikini tops, teasing their nipples. I whip out my tape recorder, in lieu of a more suitable tool.

"What do you think of Hawaii?"

Ashley answers, "I like the weather and some of the guys."

Nina has a different take. "I think the fucking Japanese are rude and Godzilla should have destroyed this whole fucking country!" It suddenly becomes clear why she bought the inflatable Godzilla doll. Screw geography!

Ashley admits that things could be going better at the club. "It's been slow," she explains. "The tips are good, but you have to work on 'em. You have to do fuckin' lap dancing and shit like that. It's very hard for guys to give you a tip if you don't put something in their face. They think it's a good night if they get 150, 200 people who come in through the whole day."

Ashley compares Hawaii to the other places she's danced.

"In California, I can make \$800 to \$1,000 a night. New York, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the clubs are packed. In South Beach, Florida, I sell my videos, Polaroids—it's great there. But I was trippin' here, thinking, *This is a good night?* I'm used to going to places

where people are pounding on the tipping rail, yelling, 'More! More! More!' Here in Hawaii, people are dead as hell! You gotta get get right in their faces, grab their crotches, and they barely even crack a smile."

I ask Nina if she's having a good time.

"I won't know till tonight," she answers. "I'll let you know after I get fucked. Right now I'm going through sex withdrawa!!"

Nina will be working the fantasy booths. I ask her to give me some details.

She licks her wet lips seductively. "I'll show you when we get there. I talk dirty to the guys. And I watch tons of guys come."

I dare to ask the Suave sensation about her plans for when she's not performing. Shaking her shiny mane, Nina smiles. "I want to meet one, two, three, maybe four men," she says. "I plan to carry lots of rubbers. I'm ready to pump!"

A long-haired hippie dude in a tiedyed T-shirt has circumvented the hotel's security gate. He's pounding on Ashley's door when I arrive. I call through the door. A hand snakes out and pulls me inside.

"Get rid of him *now*, Mikey," Nina demands.

"How do I do that?" I ask.

"Tell him you're hotel security."

I confront the situation, unpleasant as it is. The hippie points at his mouth, making little grunting noises, indicating that he's deaf and mute. Daunted but determined, I form my words very carefully in the hope that he can read lips.

"I'm the hotel manager," I say slowly. Nina shrieks through the door, "Goddamn it! Don't tell him your life story.

Just get rid of him!"

I wave my hand in a farewell gesture. The guy looks ready to cry—or pull a blade from under his shirt to hack me to death. He reaches under his shirt. Here it comes, I think. But all he produces is a scrap of paper and a pen. He scribbles something and shoves the paper at me. I read: I just want to see Ashley. Can you tell her I'm here? Peace.

"I'm going to call the police if you don't leave," I mouth.

The dumb hippie understands and beats it down the dimly lit hall.

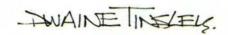
Leaving for the club, we spot the forlorn hippie on the road.

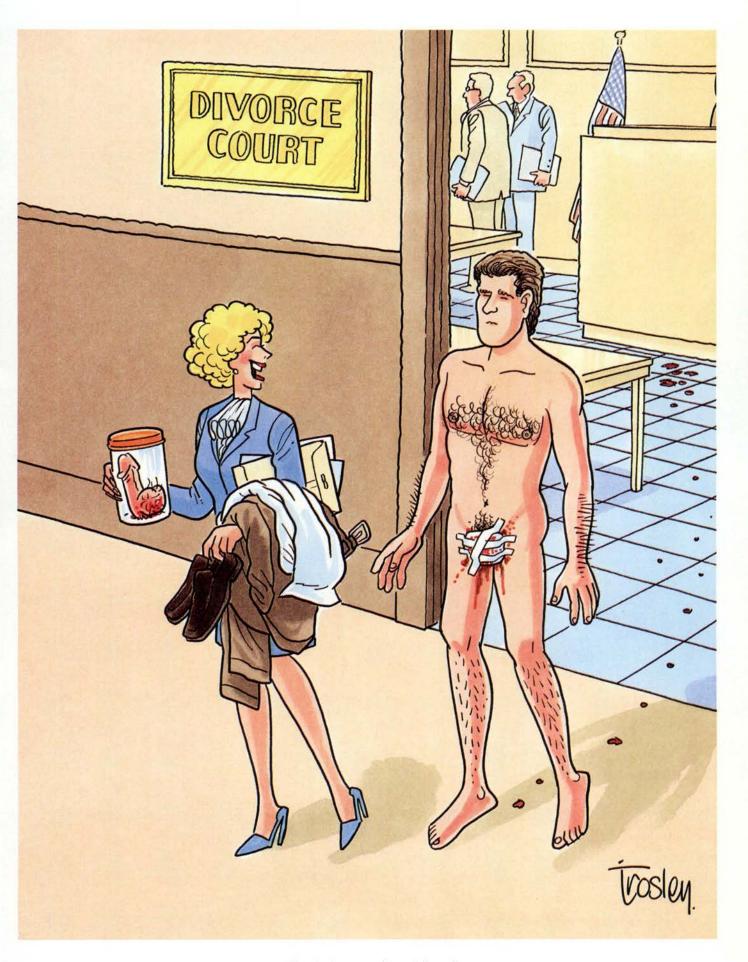
"He came all the way from California," says Ashley, with star-to-fan sympathy.

The dance club sports a row of cubicles with a set of dutch doors on either side. A few house girls lounge in them, hoping to entice one of the patrons inside.

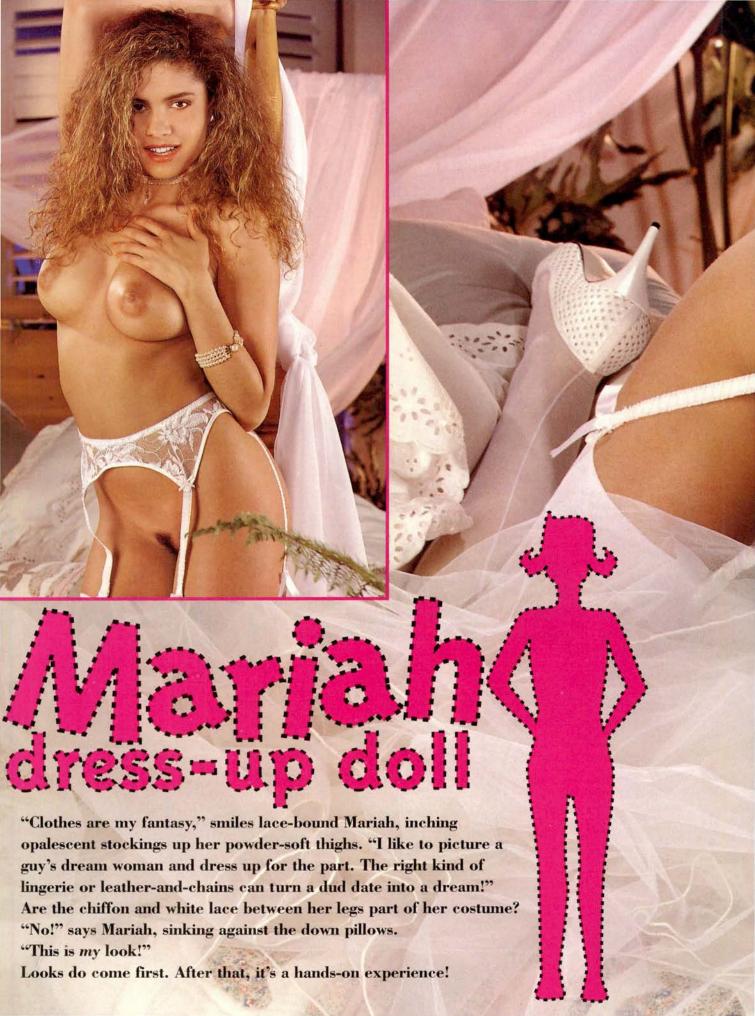
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"Thanks for everything, John..."













A sign tacked in the corner of the booth, to the right of my jizz splotch, reads: "Please be considerate of others. Clean up after yourself." Screw it I think.

The floor manager asks me to turn off my tape recorder.

"How'd you like to be in an article about the sex industry?" I ask.

His name is Paul. His function involves cleaning out the cum-stained cubicles.

"I've been at this business for about a month and a half," Paul says with pride. "My job is to take care of the cleanliness of the area and look after the needs of the girls. We have people coming in here who I have to remind, 'Hey, you're talking to a person. You're not talking to some freak you're throwing away a couple of your drunk dollars to. It's not like that."

I duck into a cubicle and slip \$20 into the slot. As if by magic, the frosted glass becomes clear, and I see Nina Suave nude except for her pumps. She's holding her favorite dildo, affectionately called Henry.

Beaming, Nina motions for me to pick up the phone that hangs next to the glass. I ask her to treat me as she would any customer. She asks me if I'm getting hard. I admit I'm getting hard.

I oblige. Nina lies back, inserting her fingers into her pussy. Spreading her lips, her fingers make soft sucking sounds as they plunge in and out. She occasionally brings them to her mouth, where her pink tongue peeps out to taste herself.

"What are you thinking?" she asks.

"I'm thinking I'd like to be in that booth with you," I reply.

"Would you eat my pussy?"

"Yeah."

"I want you to play with yourself," directs Nina. She sucks her dildo, rolling over on her stomach, fingering her asshole. She eases onto her back and spreads her legs wide. Taking the dildo in both hands, she pops it all into her cunt.

Neither of us is talking anymore. Nina's whimpering and bucking her ass toward the ceiling with each stroke.

"Are you gonna come?" she asks. "Thinking about fucking me? Keep rubbing yourself," coos Nina. "I want to see you come."

My milky comet hits the glass with an audible smack. Nina puts her hand out and touches the glass, pretending to lick up my spew. Henry the dildo remains wedged firmly up her tight little pussy.

"Did you like that?" asks Nina. "Did

I can only nod when the booth lights come up. A sign tacked in the corner of the booth, to the right of my jizz splotch,

"Take out your cock," she smiles. you come good?" THANK YOU FOR CALLING 1-900-PERVERT, IF YOU'D LIKE TO TALK TO A PISS FREAK. PRESS 1 NOW ... BUTT FUCK, PRESS TWO NOW ..

reads: "Please be considerate of others. Clean up after yourself." Screw it, I think. That's what Paul gets the big bucks for.

Day five. It's raining. The toilet has backed up with an explosive gurgle. A foul stench permeates the hotel. I'm heading to the laundry room. Ashley opens her door.

"Are you going to wash your clothes?" she asks. "Could you wash some of ours too?" She presents me with a huge pile of dirty clothes and lingerie.

"It's my stuff and Nina's too," she tells me.

The thought that I could tell the girls I lost some of their underwear flashes through my mind. After all, I'm a scumbag. I could probably pick up some cash selling their fragrant goods to patrons at the club. But I refrain.

Because I did her laundry, Ashley now thinks I'm her servant. "Crawl, worm!" "Yes, Mistress Nicole!" On the beach, she hands me some sandy bills.

"Could you go get me three bottles of Chianti?" she asks, kindly explaining: "It's a kind of wine."

A tour of Honolulu's booze vendors reveals that the vile swill known as Chianti is not a popular brew on the island. I choose a couple of bottles of Napa Chardonnay and trudge back to the hotel, where, sitting on her bed, I see the deafmute hippie.

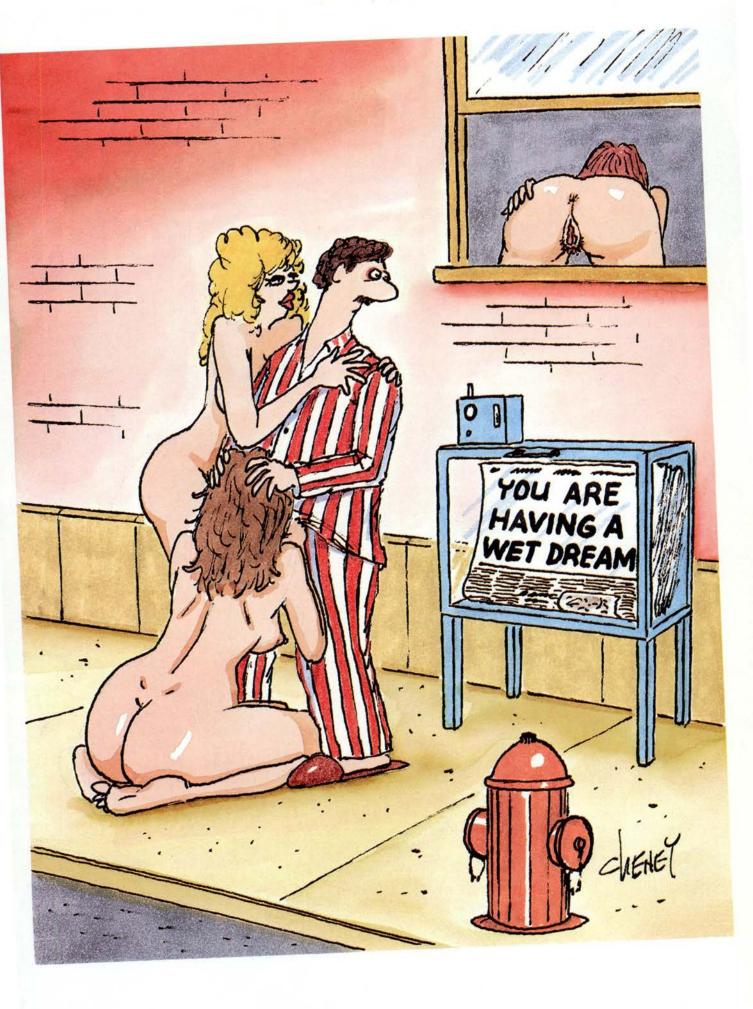
"This isn't what I wanted," she scoffs. "Can you go get me some Chianti? I can spell it for you."

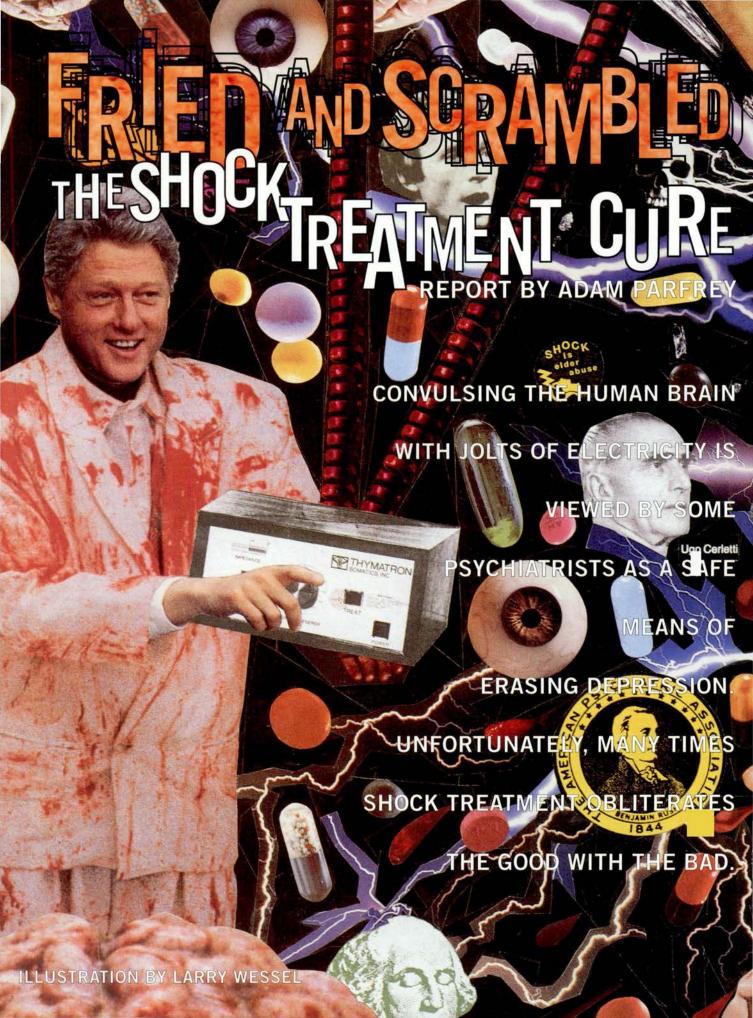
I head up to my room to pack. Five days of bugs, stalkers, surly club bouncers-and now, raging, ego-tripping porn stars! I'm able to handle only five days of flesh stars in the flesh. I catch the late flight to San Francisco, knowing nothing more than the fact that, 300 miles behind me, Ashley Nicole is pulling a string of pearls out of her pussy to the cheers of drooling military personnel, and Nina Suave, sequestered in a fantasy booth, fucks herself dizzy with a rubber dildo the size of a kielbasa.

Back home in L.A., Nina invites me over to her house to fill me in on some of the things I missed due to my early departure.

Tanned and fit, she gushes about her Hawaiian holiday—about the dentist who paid big bucks to take Polaroids of her throat; about the booth weasel who wanted her to expose her asshole as wide as she could; about the encounter Ashley Nicole had with twin brothers; and about Nina's routine with her blow-up Godzilla doll, which she modified so that it wore a strap-on dildo.

"The Japanese guys loved it," she says.







#### **Shock Treatment**

Cerletti was an Italian psychiatrist who drew his inspiration from a tour of a slaughterhouse, where he observed pigs convulsing after being shocked with an electric prod.

The man responsible for introducing electroshock therapy into the field of medical psychiatry was Ugo Cerletti. Cerletti was an Italian psychiatrist who drew his inspiration from a tour of a slaughterhouse, where he observed pigs convulsing after being shocked with an electric prod.

Possessed by the idea that the psychological ailment known as schizophrenia never affected epileptics, Cerletti sought to test his hypothesis by artificially creating a paroxysm overwhelming enough to eradicate madness from the human brain. Cerletti petitioned the Fascist government to obtain a human specimen for experimentation, and, on April 15, 1938, police turned over to the doctor a vagrant found mumbling to himself on the streets of Rome.

Cerletti strapped down the hapless bum and delivered an 80-volt shock to his head, which did not provoke the desired grand mal convulsions but instead a painful and frightening seizure. Before Cerletti could apply a stronger jolt of electricity, the vagrant screamed, "Not another! It's deadly!"

Undeterred, Cerletti carried on with his experiment. A 110-volt discharge provoked a grand mal seizure, without causing death—a side effect the doctor feared might occur.

Present at the second of these historic shock treatments was Jewish doctor Lothar Kalinowsky, who had fled Nazi Germany to Fascist Italy, where he had joined Cerletti's staff. Forced to leave Italy after an Axis pact was signed calling for the extradition of German Jewish nationals back to the Nazis, Kalinowski proselytized the psychiatric benefits of shock treatment in France, Holland, England and the United States. A devoted follower of the controversial therapy that grew to be termed electroconvulsive therapy [ECT]. Kalinowsky continued administering shock treatment to patients at Gracie Square Hospital in New York City until he reached the age of 90.

In the 1940s and 1950s, electric shock was commonly prescribed as a cure-all for a variety of conditions ranging from alcoholism to zoophobia [fear of animals]. Until the mid-1960s, many ECT patients were administered insulin in tandem with shock treatment. Insulin therapy, which involved plunging the patient into a convulsive hypoglycemic coma, was discontinued after too many patients suffered fatal reactions to the cure.

Despite state-mandated hearings that have rendered involuntary use of ECT increasingly difficult, in April 1993 the Health and Human Services Department of the United States issued guidelines recommending shock therapy, among other methods, as the preferred treatment for depression.

Today, ECT is largely prescribed for those suffering from depression and, to a lesser extent, those exhibiting signs of catatonia, mania and certain schizophrenic syndromes. In its earlier, nonmodified form, patients received dozens, hundreds and, in some cases, more than a thousand shocks.

Public sentiment turned against the procedure, following highly publicized accounts of harrowing, full-body paroxysms that inadvertently broke the bones of thousands—and led to the deaths of hundreds—of patients.

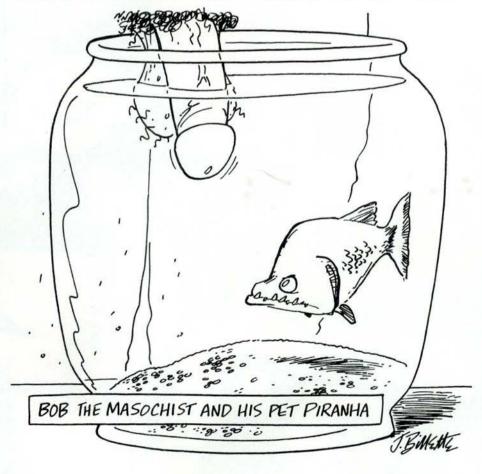
The medical purpose of running electricity through the brain is to induce a grand mal convulsion in the patient. Today's ECT practitioners assure the public that the original method of inducing this convulsion is no longer practiced. Muscle relaxants are now introduced intravenously to prevent the full-body paroxysm, and pain is no longer a concern, since the patient is anesthetized prior to treatment. A series of six to 12 treatments, spread over several weeks, is today's therapeutic norm.

An East Coast manufacturer of shocktherapy equipment produces an instructional video intended to allay unfounded fears about the controversial procedure.

As seen in the video, a catheter is introduced into the recipient's arm, through which an anesthesiologist administers knockout drops and muscle relaxant. The psychiatrist places one electrical wand against the patient's right temple, another to the top of the head. This configuration is called unilateral ECT, a recent addition to the shock repertoire, which is supposed to cause less damage to memory than bilateral ECT, the traditional method of shocking both lobes of the brain.

The psychiatrist flips the toggle switch on the machine. A burst of electricity enters the patient's forehead, eliciting a dull, resounding thud. The muscle relaxant eliminates the ability to breathe.

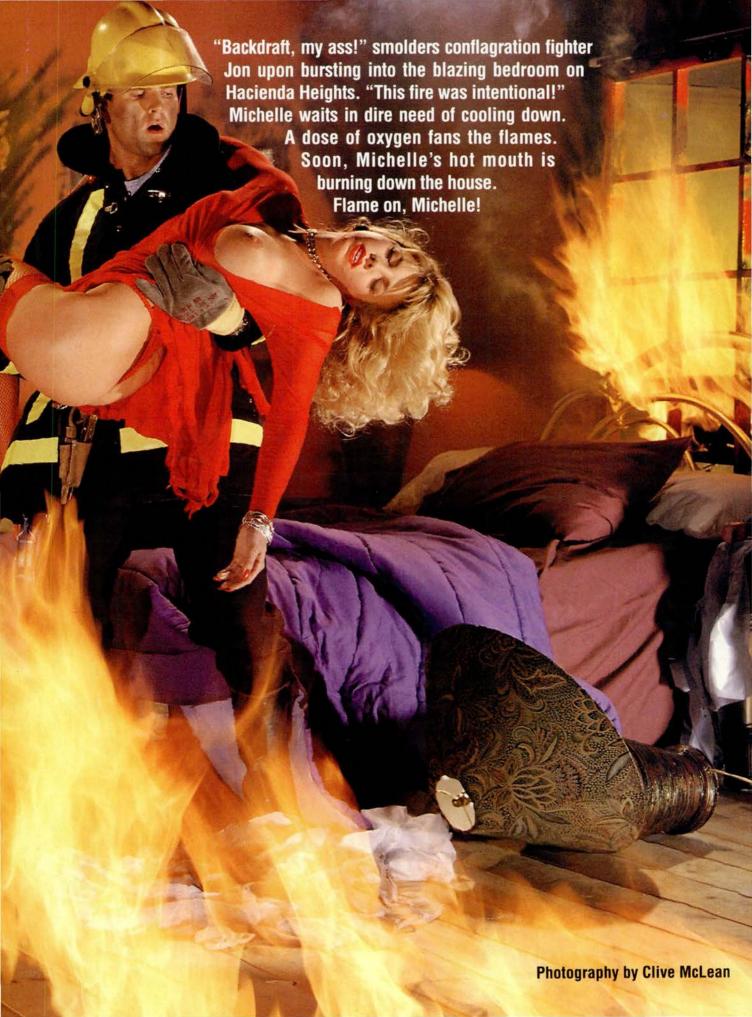
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"Actually, I was really getting worried. I thought she was out shopping all this time."

















## **Shock Treatment**

Before Cerletti could apply a stronger jolt of electricity, the vagrant screamed, "Not another! It's deadly!" Undeterred, Cerletti carried on with his experiment.

The patient grimaces while an orderly pumps air into his lungs. In several minutes the effects of the muscle relaxant wear off, and the patient is again breathing autonomously. In 30 minutes or so, he comes to and is wheeled to a waiting area to recuperate.

Contemporary psychophysiology attributes mental illness to biological factors. Only psychiatrists with medical-school training are allowed to medicate and shock. Psychiatrists prescribe drugs and other mechanistic treatments, including shock treatment and psychosurgery.

Consensus statements issued by the National Institute of Mental Health in March of 1993 describe electroconvulsive therapy as the most controversial treatment in psychiatry.

However, ECT advocates believe the modern method of administering electric shock is safe and effective.

States San Diego psychiatrist Dr. Alan Bergsman: "ECT is not controversial. That is a media misrepresentation. There is no disagreement over ECT among knowledgeable psychiatrists."

Dr. Ari Albala, an Israeli-trained administrator at Southwood Hospital in Chula Vista, California, claims that modern electroshock treatment is extremely clean, surgical and precise.

"The main side effect of ECT," says Albala, "is the memory problem, and that has become much less frequent in the past ten years. We position the electrodes differently now, on one hemisphere of the brain, in the so-called nondominant hemisphere. We use a machine that generates a wave form that is *pulse* instead of *sine*; so the energy delivered is considerably less intense. These changes have resulted in dramatic improvement."

Opponents discounting the therapeutic value of ECT reject the premises of the medical model of mental illness. Thomas Szasz, M.D., the author of *The Myth of Mental Illness*, compares the practice of electroshock therapy to the tortures described in *Malleus Maleficarum*, a medieval witch-burning guidebook.

Richard Danford, a patients' rights advocate who worked for years as a psychiatric assistant helping administer shock treatment, challenges Dr. Albala's assertion that ECT treatment has improved.

When psychiatrists are unable to prescribe effective drug treatments, claims Danford, "They revert to ECT. They say it's different than it used to be. [The treatment] doesn't look quite so bad, because the patient does not go into armflailing and back-spasm convulsions, but the treatment is essentially identical—running [damaging] current through someone's brain."

Modified ECT is actually more dangerous than the previous, unrefined process, fears ECT recipient Leonard Frank, who survived a chilling battery of insulin coma and shock treatments that permanently destroyed his memory. Frank wrote *The History of Shock Treatment*, a book that has become a rallying point for the anti-psychiatric community.

"What the psychiatrists don't tell you," says Frank, "is that modern ECT therapy entails more electricity, not less. Because of the muscle relaxant and single hemisphere shocks, more electricity is required for a longer length of time for the required effect. It used to be the case that one-tenth of a second was adequate to produce the convulsion; now it takes one second or more."

Frank refers to an editorial by Dr. Harold Sackeim in the psychiatric journal *Convulsive Therapy*, which argues for the next generation of ECT devices to have significantly higher upper-output limits, perhaps at least double what is available with the current machinery.

ECT foes claim that higher-wattage shock devices increase the potential for inflicting permanent damage to the brain.

Advertisements in psychiatric journals convey the sense that even modified ECT is not without its hazards. An ad for the Somatics Corporation's synthetic-rubber mouth guard reveals cases in which a tooth was dislodged, two upper incisors split in a longitudinal plane, and a patient's right upper incisor fractured horizontally as the electric current was passed during ECT. The ad also warns that loose teeth or fragments may be aspirated and that the tongue and buccal surfaces can be severely bitten with the jolt.

The number of psychiatric patients who receive shock therapy is estimated at between 50,000 and 100,000 annually. The San Diego County Hospital reports that, among those who receive shock treatment, nearly two-thirds are women over the age of 50.

According to Dr. Bergsman, depression,



"Ahh...just gave birth to a politician...a tax auditor...a lawyer...."

STATE OF FLORIDA
VISITORS BUREAU

We Cetin.



### **Shock Treatment**

"After multiple sessions of ECT, a patient displays symptoms identical to those of a retired, punchdrunk boxer. Further exposure to ECT may result in the patient functioning at a subhuman level."

for which ECT is said to be an effective treatment, more often plagues elderly women than men.

Psychiatrist Peter Breggin finds a more sinister motive in the shocking of elderly women. In his 1992 ECT exposé *Toxic Psychiatry*, Breggin writes, "Frail, despairing, desperately needing emotional support, elderly women often have no one to defend them or to look after their interests, and they are unlikely to find the strength in themselves to defy their doctors."

Memory loss, a major ECT side effect, is portrayed as a mostly temporary condition by shock proponents. Dr. Bergsman claims that, of the hundreds of patients to whom he's administered ECT, none have suffered memory loss lasting longer than a fivementh gap.

"There is a loss of memory for perhaps a week or two after treatment, but then memories invariably return," states Bergsman. "Patients who undergo ECT are usually quite depressed, which reduces the quality and quantity of memory retention. ECT is 100% safe and effective, and studies show that over 90% of patients who undergo ECT show a marked improvement following treatment."

Counters patients'-rights advocate Richard Danford, "My experiences do not reflect [Bergsman's claimed 90% success rate] at all. I would say at the top end, in which the patient was restored to a higher level of functioning, my experience was 50% at most. A number of patients were substantially impaired. No doubt about it."

Danford describes an example of ECT impairment: "There was this successful advertising and marketing executive, earning a six-figure income. He was in his mid-30s, went through a divorce and was very depressed. His psychiatrist decided to administer ECT. After the first couple of treatments, the patient demonstrated a level of confusion that was absolutely detrimental. After ECT, he was completely disoriented. He couldn't remember anything, short-term or long-term. He had so little recall, it was a major task to get him to his room. He got so

agitated that he would wind up in seclusion in four-point leather restraints. He never came back. The ECT practitioner took a clinically depressed person, and at the end of shock treatment, the guy went to the state hospital."

As a medical intern at Bethesda Hospital in Denver, and at the nowdefunct Clairemont Hospital in the late 1970s, Danford assisted in many ECT treatments.

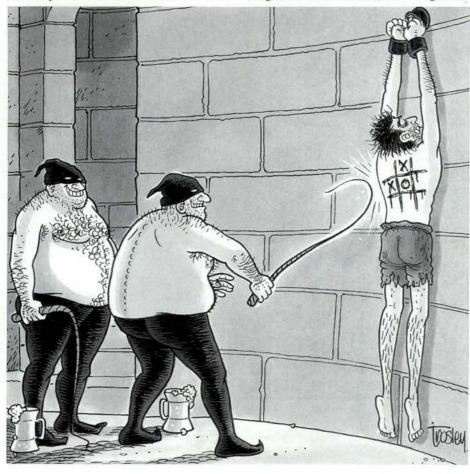
"At Bethesda, we were doing the shock therapy in a little room off the nurse's station," Danford recalls. "If they gave the person too much muscle relaxant, you couldn't tell if they were having a seizure. They'd just be out. The other side, and this is where I came in, was when they didn't give a person enough muscle relaxant. Upon receiving electricity, these patients would literally fly off the table in a fullblown seizure. My role was to hold them down. The technique was to put a hand underneath their body in a certain way, and over across the top of the body in a certain way, usually right at the abdomen, literally holding on to this person as electricity would course through their brain.

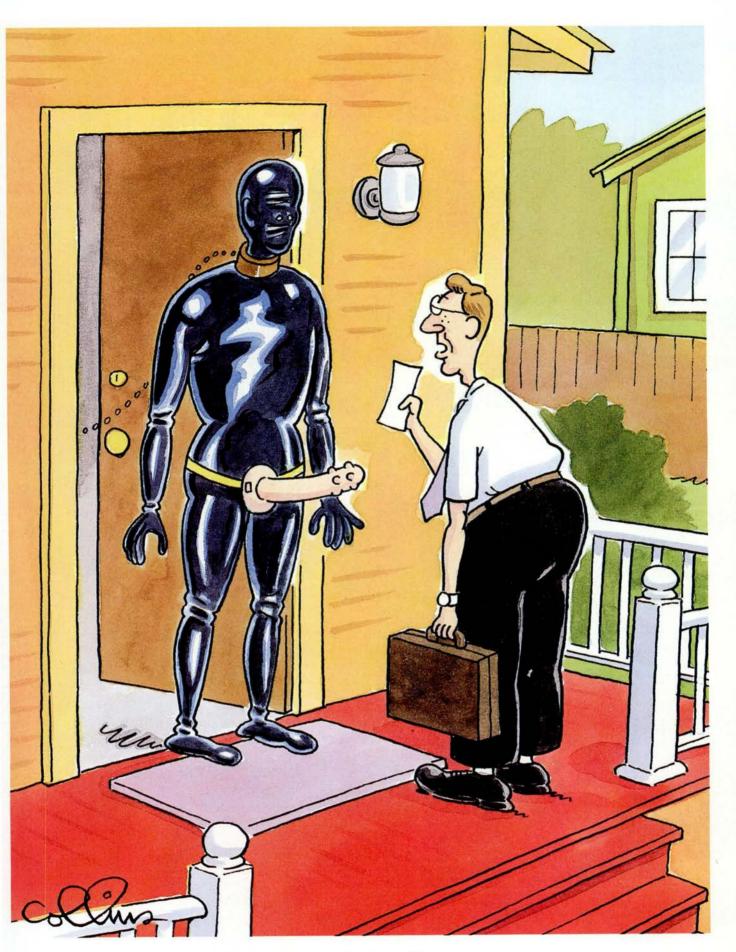
"The way it's done today in most of the facilities is that electroshock takes place in a recovery room or an ICU [intensive care unit]," Danforth continues. "There is usually an anesthesiologist involved, at least to determine proper dosages [of muscle relaxant and anesthetic]. Before my first day at Bethesda, I was very anxious about the procedure. My co-workers said, 'You've got to get big, rubber boots. You have to wear gloves."

Notes neurologist Dr. Sidney Samant, "I have seen many patients after ECT, and I have no doubt that ECT produces effects identical to those of a traumatic head injury. After multiple sessions of ECT, a patient displays symptoms identical to those of a retired, punchdrunk boxer. Further exposure to ECT may result in the patient functioning at a subhuman level. Electroconvulsive therapy in effect may be defined as a controlled type of brain damage produced by electrical means."

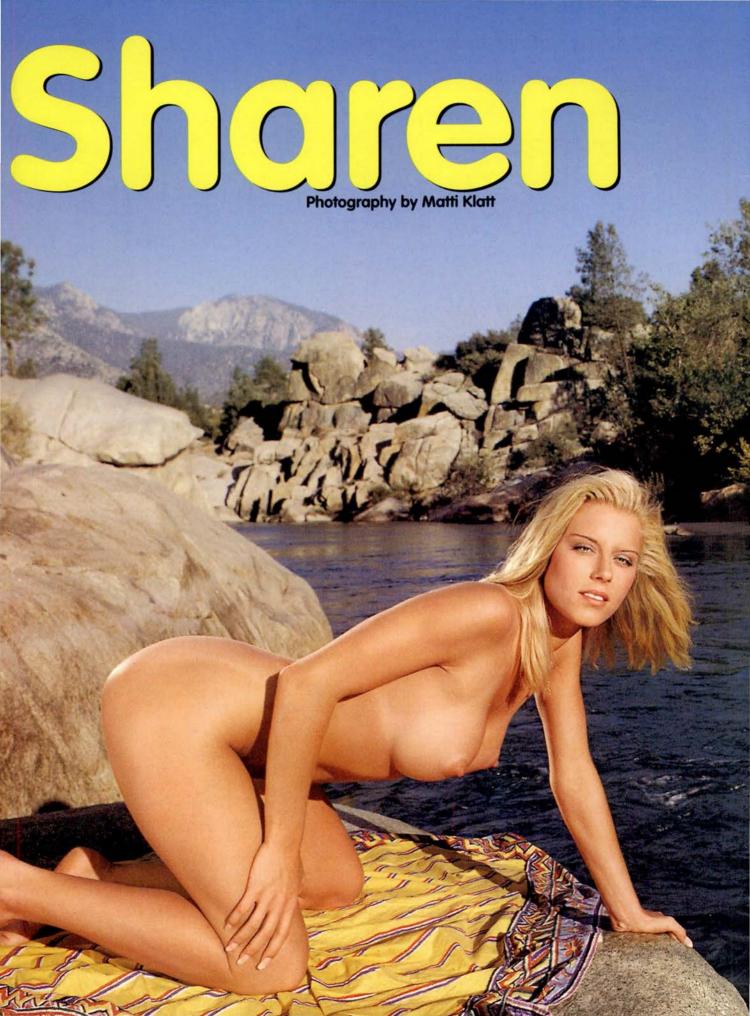
Early users of shock acknowledge shock treatment's capacity to permanently alter or damage a brain. Fifty Shock Therapy Theories, written by H. L. Gordon in 1948, provides a number of guesses by early ECT users on how high dosages of electricity assist in psychiatric treatment: "Because... lobotomy improves the mentally ill by destruction, the improvement obtained

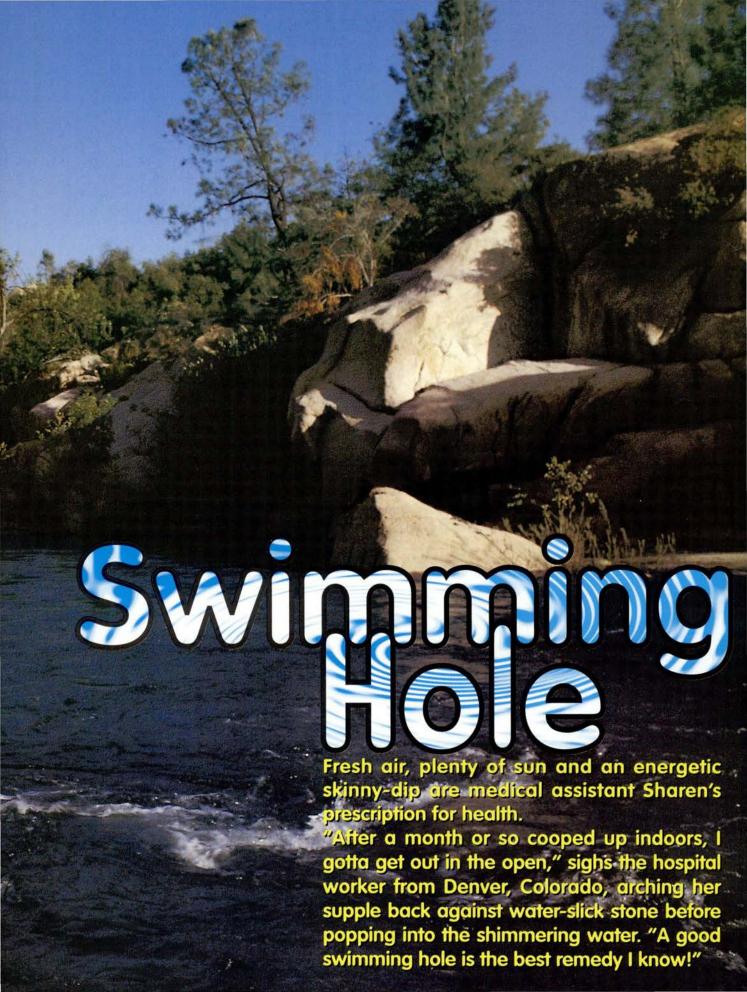
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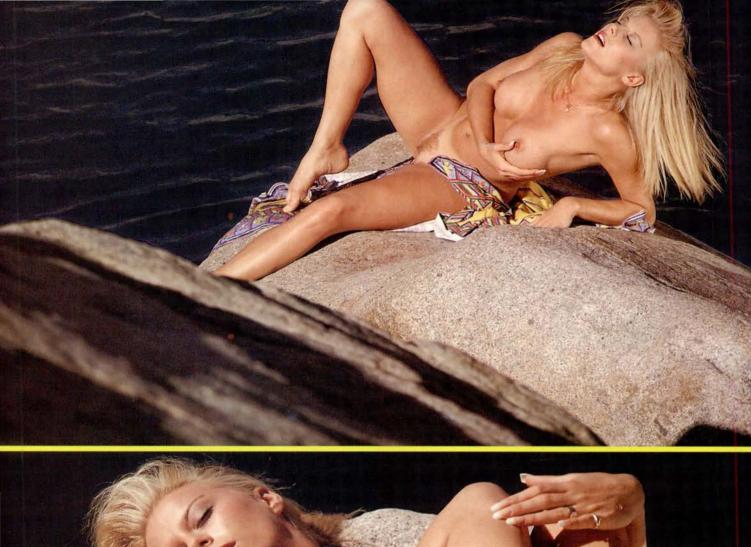




"Uh... Watchtower?"









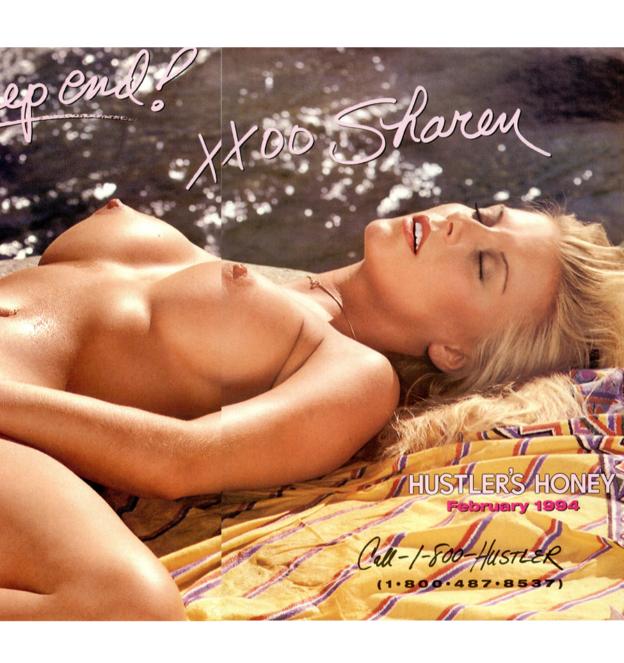
















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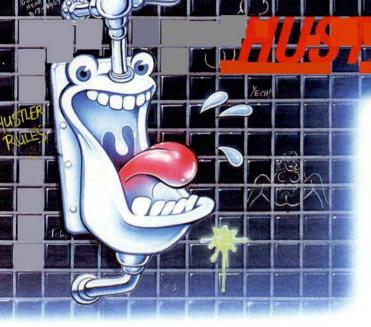
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Walter the Magnificent was finally booked on *The Arsenio Hall Show*. The act was amazing: From his pocket, Walter took out a tiny, perfectly formed human being, dressed in a tuxedo, who sat at a miniature grand piano and played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

Arsenio's audience went wild over the act, and Arsenio asked Walter where he found the little man.

"I was in an antique store," he said, "and I came across an old lamp. I brought it home and started to polish it, and suddenly a genie popped out and granted me a wish."

"And you asked for a twelve-inch pianist?"
"Not exactly."

The owner of the busiest fast-food Chinese restaurant in San Francisco left work early one night to attend his brother's bachelor party.

Many hours later, he returned home, crawled into bed and, feeling horny, woke up his wife. He asked for a little 69. "It's three o'clock in the morning," she hissed, "and you want chicken and broccoli?"

ave you heard about the guy who is half black and half Japanese?

Every December 7th he attacks Pearl Bailey.

biker and his ol' lady were parked beside the road, watching a movie scene being filmed. The director suddenly got an idea for a fight scene. He said to the leading man, "You see that biker and his girl over there? Go over and insult her. Then, when the dude starts fighting with you, we'll get some real action shots."

The husky actor walked over to the biker and asked, "Is that cunt your ol' lady?"

"Fuckin' right!" the biker exclaimed.

"Well," the actor said, "she's the ugliest bitch I've ever seen."

The biker turned to his ol' lady and said, "See? What'd I tell you?"

An amorous couple was traveling down a country road. The girl stripped in the front seat, pulled out her lover's cock and began to give him head. He enjoyed it immensely—so much so, in fact, that he closed his eyes and lost control of the speeding car.

There was a horrible crash, pinning the man under the wheel but throwing the girl clear. In a panic she snatched up one of her boyfriend's shoes to cover her cunt and ran off down the road for help. She came upon a farmer plowing his field. Running up to him, she screamed, "Please, please you've got to help us! My boyfriend's stuck!"

The farmer glanced at the shoe covering the girl's crotch and said, "Ma'am, if he's in that far, there's not much I can do for him."

Question: Why shouldn't you screw your wife first thing in the morning?

Answer: You've got all day to find something better.

When his new patient was settled comfortably on the couch, the psychiatrist began his therapy session. "I'm not aware of your problem," the doctor said, "so let's start at the beginning."

"Yes, that's a good idea," the man said. "In the beginning, I created the heaven and the earth...."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines R.S.V.P. as: Jewish slang for "Remember, send vedding present."

Marine, an Air Force commando, a Navy Seal and a Green Beret were sitting around a campfire, telling each other how mean and tough they were.

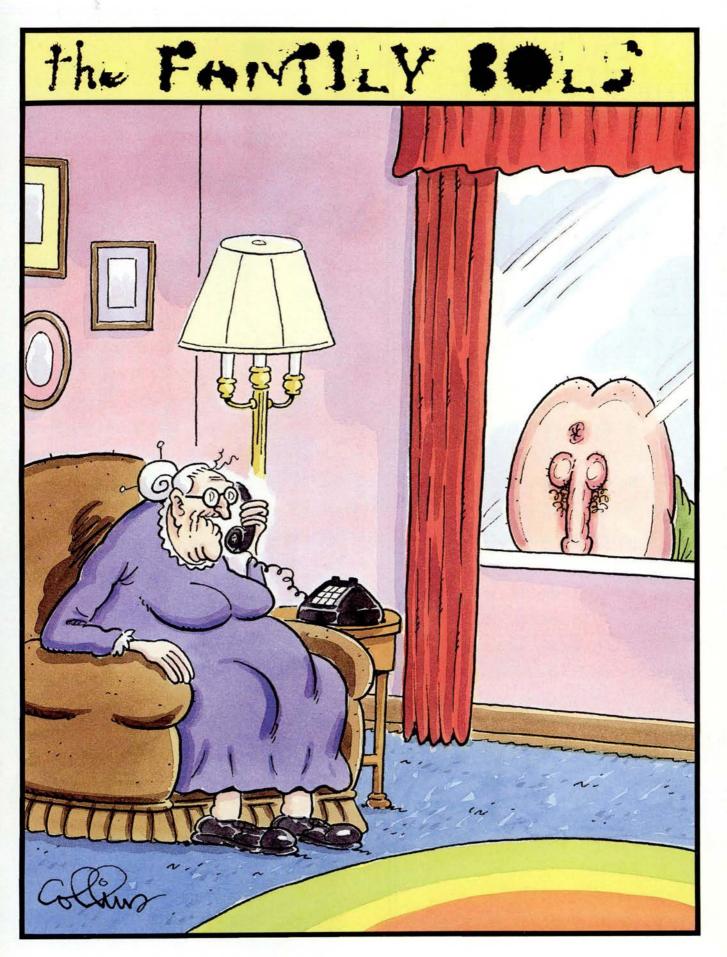
"I can swim 50 miles and bite the head off a live chicken," the Marine said. "One Marine is worth ten other men!"

"I can jump out of airplanes without a parachute and clear runways single-handed!" the Air Force commando exclaimed. "One of us is worth 13 other men!"

"I can dive 90 feet underwater without scuba gear, and I'm an expert in demolition," boasted the Navy man. "One Seal is worth 25 of the enemy!"

The Green Beret just sat there all this time without saying a word, stirring the fire with his dick.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Police? I want to report one hell of an ugly peeping Tom!"

ARMAGEDDON IN THE HOUSE:

# R A P M U S I C HERALDS

REPORT BY G. J. KRUPEY AND JIM REDDEN

THE MASTER RACE



THE RADICAL EASTERN-BASED RELIGION NATION OF ISLAM PREACHES THE END OF THE WHITE RACE IN A FIERY ARMAGEDDON.
THE BATTLE CRY COMES EVERY DAY, ALL ACROSS THE GLOBE, OVER THE AIRWAVES—IN THE MUSIC OF RAP'S HOTTEST BANDS.

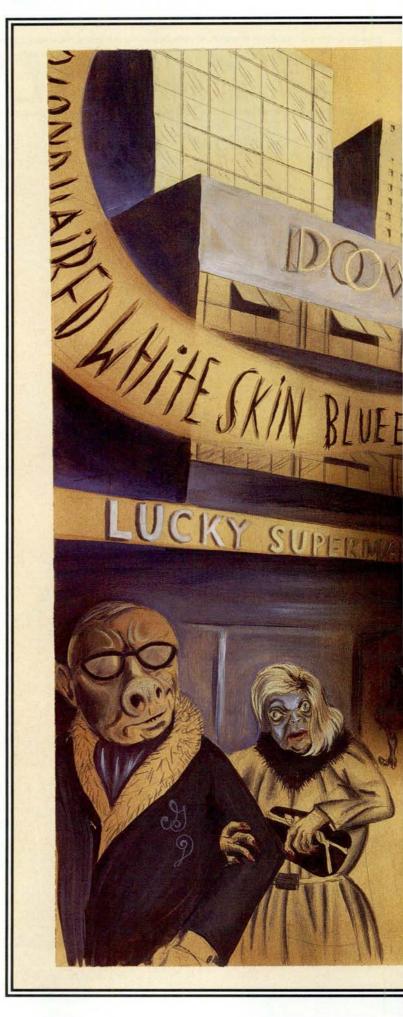




ILLUSTRATION BY GODFREY DANIELS

# The New Master Race

In a radical departure from the religion practiced in the Middle East, Fard also taught that blacks should live separately from whites, whom he characterized as "blue-eyed devils."

The bloated body that Texas police hauled out of the lake had no head or hands. Houston cab driver Raymond Wattlington, a black man, had been killed in late November, 1985. Law enforcement officials in Sugarland, Texas, did not find his remains until February 12, 1986.

According to the FBI, the primary suspects in Wattlington's murder are two members of the Nation of Islam. According to the FBI, Wattlington was a Nation of Islam minister who fought with the leadership of the Nation of Islam.

Islam is the fastest growing religion in the United States, with an estimated three to four million Americans calling themselves Muslims. Approximately one-third of these Muslims are African-Americans, and less than one-tenth of them—anywhere from 40,000 to 100,000 people—belong to a radical Islam off-shoot known as the Nation of Islam.

As characterized in Spike Lee's 1992 film *Malcolm X*, the Nation of Islam advocates black separatism, but is a source of hope for millions of inner-city residents.

USA Today describes the Nation of Islam as one of the few organizations that can successfully curtail drug dealing and clean up America's slums. However, in early 1993, the San Francisco District Attorney released an FBI memo on the Nation of Islam. Confirmed as a genuine internal Bureau document by FBI press spokesman Nestor Michnyak, the 33-page memo disclosed alleged crimes regarding the Nation of Islam, including murder, attempted murder, conspiracy to commit murder, cocaine distribution, traveling to and doing business with foreign governments in violation of federal law, credit-card fraud, food-stamp fraud, extortion, intimidation, threatening witnesses in trials involving Nation members, mail fraud, false identification, income-tax evasion, conspiracy, vandalism and the use of violence to obtain political goals.

The Nation of Islam may be the most influential black organization in the U.S. Its teachings of black pride and self-sufficiency are embraced by a wide range of prominent African-Americans, including heavyweight boxing champion Riddock Bowe. The Nation's teachings

were given a positive spin in such popular films as Boyz N the Hood, Menace II Society and Malcolm X. Variants of its political message reach mainstream audiences in the lyrics of superstar rap groups.

The Nation of Islam resulted from the fusion of the black nationalism of a Jamaican-born man named Marcus Garvey, whose Universal Negro Improvement Association advocated the return to Africa of all black people to build a Pan-African empire, and the pseudo-Islamic teachings of an American black man called Noble Drew Ali, who founded the Moorish Science Temple "for the uplifting of fallen mankind." Drew Ali's "fallen mankind" was the black man, who had fallen from what Drew Ali believed to be his original superior state in the spiritual wilderness of North America.

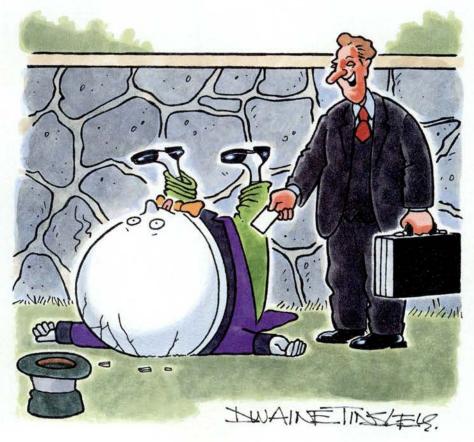
Peter Lamborn Wilson, a scholar of the history of Moorish science, suggests that the eventual founder of the Nation of Islam, Russo-Syrian peddler W. Fard, frequented Drew Ali's temple in hopes of enlisting members for his own Islaminfluenced cult, one espousing a virulent hatred for whites as "blue-eyed devils" and preaching Afro-Asiatic supremacy.

C. Eric Lincoln, author of *Black Muslims in America*, traces Fard's progress from his first appearance in the summer of 1930 in a black ghetto in Detroit, where, prior to establishing the Nation of Islam, Fard originally made his living as a peddler selling silk clothing door-to-door.

According to Lincoln, as part of Fard's sales pitch, Fard told his black customers that the clothes he peddled were similar to what blacks wore in their home countries of Africa and the Middle East. Many of Fard's customers were eager to learn about their pre-slavery heritage. Fard began holding meetings in apartments and houses throughout the ghetto.

At these meetings Fard taught that all blacks were, or should be, followers of Islam. Like devout Muslims, Fard said, all blacks should follow the traditional teachings of praying to Mecca five times a day, avoiding pork and shunning all drugs, including alcohol and tobacco. But, in a radical departure from the religion practiced in the Middle East, Fard also taught that blacks should live separately from whites, whom he characterized as "blue-eyed devils."

With straight, jet-black hair, light skin, odd-looking eyes (colored maroon, allegedly) and Caucasian features that are confirmed by a 1926 Los Angeles police photo, Fard resembled an Arab or Hispanic to many blacks who met him. To his primary disciple, Elijah Poole (whom he would later rename Elijah



"My card—just in case you want to sue the owners of the wall."



"I hate ugly, black monkeys... pass it on."

# The New Master Race

Robert Karriem murdered one of his boarders, James Smith, in a ritual sacrifice on an altar in his living room. Under police interrogation, Karriem confessed to killing Smith for his "gods."

Muhammad), Fard claimed to be God, or Allah, come in human form as a mulatto so as to move unhindered between blacks and whites.

In *The Judas Factor*, an account of the murder of Malcolm X, author Karl Evanzz unearthed evidence that Fard was the Hawaiian-born son of a white New Zealander. A small-time hood and con artist arrested for selling bootleg liquor and heroin, Fard served time in San Quentin from 1926 to 1929. Upon release, Fard arrived in Chicago, where he became acquainted with Noble Drew Ali's Moorish Science Temple. Unable to convince Drew Ali's followers after Ali's death that Fard himself was the reincarnated Drew Ali, Fard apparently relocated to Detroit.

According to Evanzz, Fard charged his followers \$10 to change their slave names to their supposedly lost Arabic names (appending the Arab holy name *Muhammad* to a select few). Fard claimed to have come to awaken the Mentally Dead Lost Found Nation of Original Asiatic Black Men in the Wilderness of America to their forgotten heritage, stolen

from them during slavery. Fard prophesied that blacks in America would eventually wake up to this injustice, and that a fiery apocalypse would ensue, during which the white race would be destroyed.

According to Evanzz, in November 1931 a member of the Detroit Allah Temple (the original Nation of Islam temple) named Robert Karriem murdered one of his boarders, James Smith, in a ritual sacrifice on an altar in his living room. Under police interrogation, Karriem confessed to killing Smith for his "gods," Fard and Ghulam Ali (as Elijah Muhammad was then being called).

Karriem's inspiration for the human sacrifice came from an obscure booklet authored by Fard, titled *The Secret Ritual of Islam*. Fard, arrested at the hotel where he resided, admitted that Karriem was his disciple but denied that ritual murder was part of his teachings. Nevertheless, police gave Fard an ultimatum: Leave Detroit and never return, or be charged as an accessory to murder.

In Fard's absence, Elijah Muhammad

took absolute control of the Nation of Islam, Elijah Muhammad added his own theories to Fard's teachings. According to his book Message to the Black Man in America, Elijah Muhammad maintained that the white race would ultimately be destroyed by a giant flying saucer called the "Mother Plane" or "Mother Wheel," which, according to Elijah Muhammad, was built by black scientists on an island called Napon in 1929. The Mother Plane was constructed out of the finest Asian steel, and measured half a mile by half a mile. Muhammad believed this Mother Plane to be what was described as "Ezekiel's Wheel" in

Elijah Muhammad described the Mother Plane as home base to 1,500 smaller flying saucers, which could shoot flames and poison gas. All of these vehicles were piloted by specially trained blacks preparing to attack America and destroy the white population. According to Elijah Muhammad, America would burn for 390 years after the initial saucer assault, then cool for another 610 years, for a total of 1,000 years.

As well as revealing the existence of the Mother Plane, Elijah Muhammad (or/and W. Fard) taught the legend of Yacub (identified with the biblical Jacob), a rogue black scientist who created the white race over 6,000 years ago. At that time, according to stillcurrent Nation of Islam beliefs, the only humans in existence were the Original Black Asiatic Man, whose capital was Mecca, and whose ruling class was the Tribe of Shabazz, the ancestors of American blacks. Yacub, big-headed and darkly black-hued, revolted against the Shabazz and was exiled along with 6,999 of his followers to the island of Patmos, where he plotted to create a thoroughly evil race as his weapon of revenge against the Shabazz.

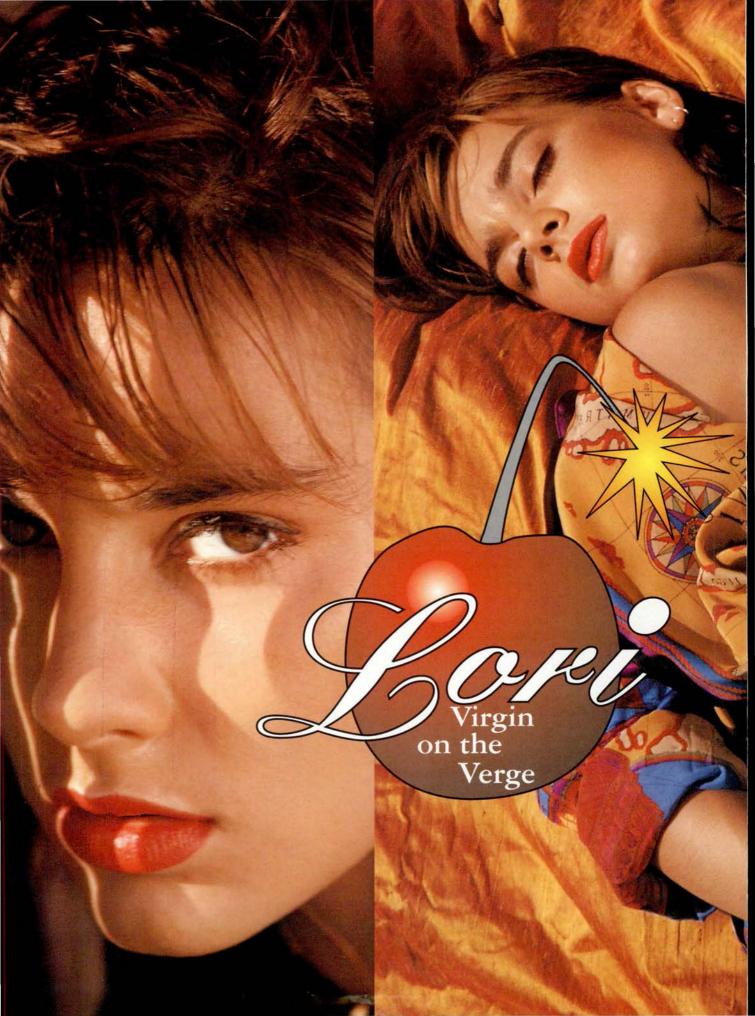
Yacub had observed that lighterskinned black children were more inclined to mischief than those who were darker-skinned. Every 200 years, Yacub created yet another lighter-skinned offshoot from the Original Black Asiatic stock, each one progressively weaker, physically, mentally and morally, until he finally achieved his goal, creating the blue-eyed, white-skinned, blond-haired "grafted devils" of Nation of Islam demonology.

Being barely human, the whites lived naked in trees and caves in the Caucasus Mountains, where they degenerated further, even mating with animals. Finally, Moses, a black man, was sent to lead them out of the wilderness and civilize them. Eventually, the weak, wicked whites used

(continued on page 112)





















### The New Master Race (continued from page 10)

Farrakhan claimed he was carried to the top of a mountain outside a tiny Mexican town called Tepotzian, where a flying saucer appeared and pulled him into the Mother Plane.

their semicivilized knowledge to rebel against their masters and destroy the Black Asiatic civilization. In the final outrage, millions of the tribe of Shabazz were sold into slavery.

According to Nation of Islam doctrine, the God Allah allowed this to happen because of the sins of pride of the original Asiatic Black Man, but decreed that the white devils' reign would only last until 1914, when they would turn against each other. The final battle—Armageddon—would then occur 70 years later, in the wilderness of North America. To prepare the Lost Found Black Nation for this, according to the Nation of Islam, Allah himself came to earth in the form of W. Fard, the master from Mecca, as a sign that the countdown to Armageddon had begun.

"The revolution will be marketed."

—Bill Stephney, former vice president of rap-group record label Def Jam.

Today, the teachings of the Nation of Islam reach millions of potential devotees through popular rap music. Brand Nubian, Rakim (of Eric B and Rakim), King Sun, X Clan, Isis, Lakim Shabazz,

KRS-One and Poor Righteous Teachers are among the many mainstream rappers who dispense the teachings of the Nation of Islam.

During superstar rap group Public Enemy's 1988 tour of Great Britain, self-styled Minister of Information for Public Enemy, Professor Griff, surprised the British press with a declaration of the black-supremacist principles of the Nation of Islam.

Public Enemy's record It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back makes frequent reference to "devils" and "grafted devils" (derogatory terms for whites within the teaching of the Nation of Islam), "snakes" (usually, but not always, whites, according to Nation of Islam ideology) and "the original Asiatic Black man." Elijah Muhammad and current Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan are invoked, as well as their apocalyptic Nation of Islam battle cries, "Countdown to Armageddon" and "Armageddon been in effect!"

Most of Griff's inflammatory statements were not, as was assumed by many journalists, merely his own bigoted, eccentric opinions, but key doctrines of a Nation of Islam splinter group known as the Five-Percent Nation.

Founded by Clarence 13X, who was expelled from Malcolm X's Nation of Islam Harlem Temple #7 for teaching his racially separatist and antinomian theology, the Five-Percent Nation accepts all Nation of Islam doctrines, but emphasizes the one that describes 85% of all African-Americans as mentally dead to their true nature and heritage. According to the Nation of Islam doctrine, these disenfranchised blacks are kept ignorant and helpless by the privileged 10% of the black leadership, corrupt racial turncoats who control the black majority for their white devil masters. The remaining 5% are the mujaheddin, holy warriors and poor, righteous teachers who know the truth about black heritage and must teach it to the rest to liberate them.

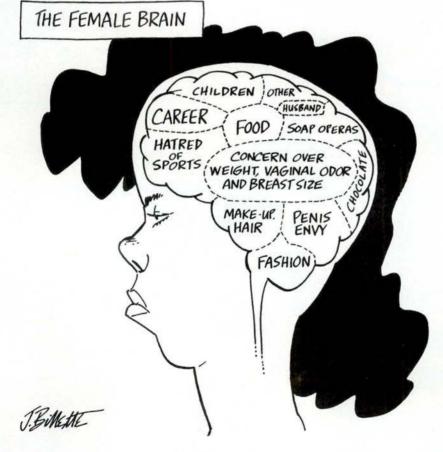
Members of the Five-Percent Nation reject the stringent moral and sartorial codes of the Nation of Islam, except for the prohibition of pork. Lord Jamar of rap group Brand Nubian states: "In the Five-Percent Nation, each man is the sole controller of his own universe. If you're the god of your universe, you set up your own laws."

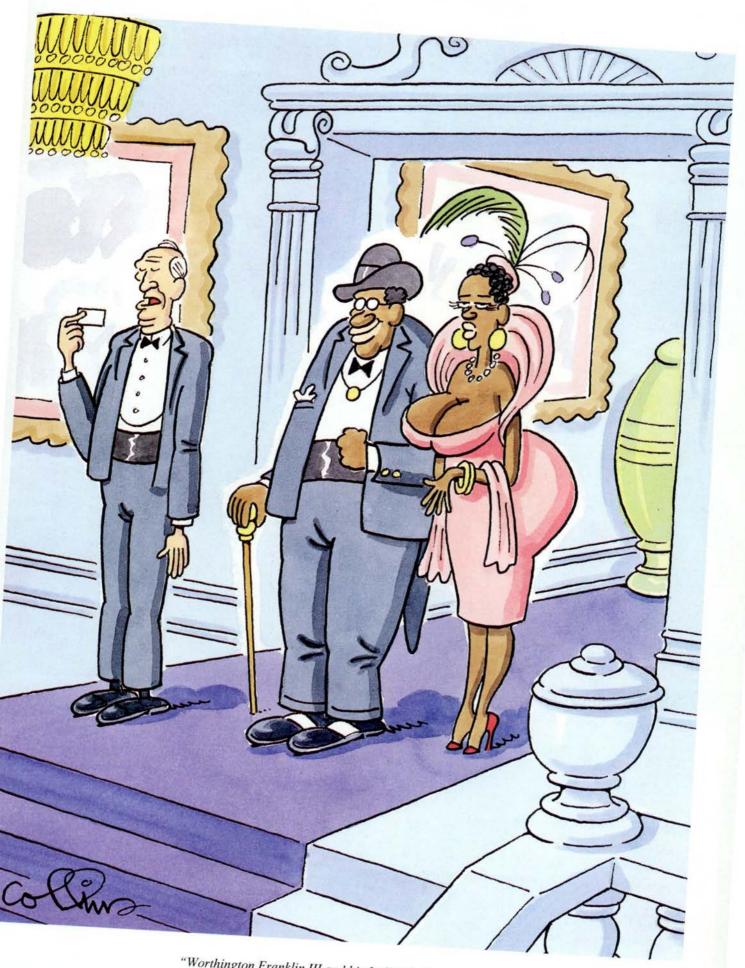
Since the death of Clarence 13X in 1969, members of the Five-Percent Nation who have felt the need for a chief deity have looked to former violinist and calypso singer Louis Farrakhan. Known as "the Charmer" during his singing career, Louis Farrakhan had recorded a song called "The White Man's Heaven Is the Black Man's Hell."

In June 1984, representing the Nation of Islam, Farrakhan traveled to Libya to meet with Muammar Kaddafi, according to the FBI. At that time, the Nation of Islam reportedly received a \$5 million, interest-free loan from the Libyan leader. Eight months later, the terms of the loan became clear. According to the FBI report, Farrakhan arranged for Kaddafi to address a large gathering of Nation members in Chicago on February 24, 1985. During his talk, Kaddafi offered weapons to any blacks who would take part in an armed revolt against the American government. Farrakhan publicly refused the offer.

The next year, according to the FBI report, Farrakhan traveled to Libya, where he addressed a conference of revolutionaries and reportedly introduced Kaddafi to members of the El Rukn street gang, a black criminal organization based in Philadelphia. On November 23, 1987, five El Rukn members were convicted in federal court of conspiring to commit terrorist acts against the U.S. on behalf of

(continued on page 121)





"Worthington Franklin III and his fuckbitch Bemonna."

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2.	30/30 TAB	175 mg	7.00	14.00	23.00	29.00
15.			8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
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		EPHEDRINE HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	OF 500 *
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Special thanks to Chelly for sharing her silky, red love seat the seat of the world. A student/homemaker in East dipping, boating and painting. Her dream date of wild sex on particularly gritty.

Photo by Fiance



She lists her occupation as bookkeeper, but Tiffany's tempting body brings to mind another set of pages one might enjoy flipping through. Judging from her photo, this 26-year-old Sanford, Florida, resident must enjoy sunbathing and working out. Although she lists no sexual fantasy, the kitchen floor she squats upon recalls a scene in 91/2 Weeks when a nude Kim Basinger was smothered in whipped cream and chocolate syrup. Try that one, Tiffany.



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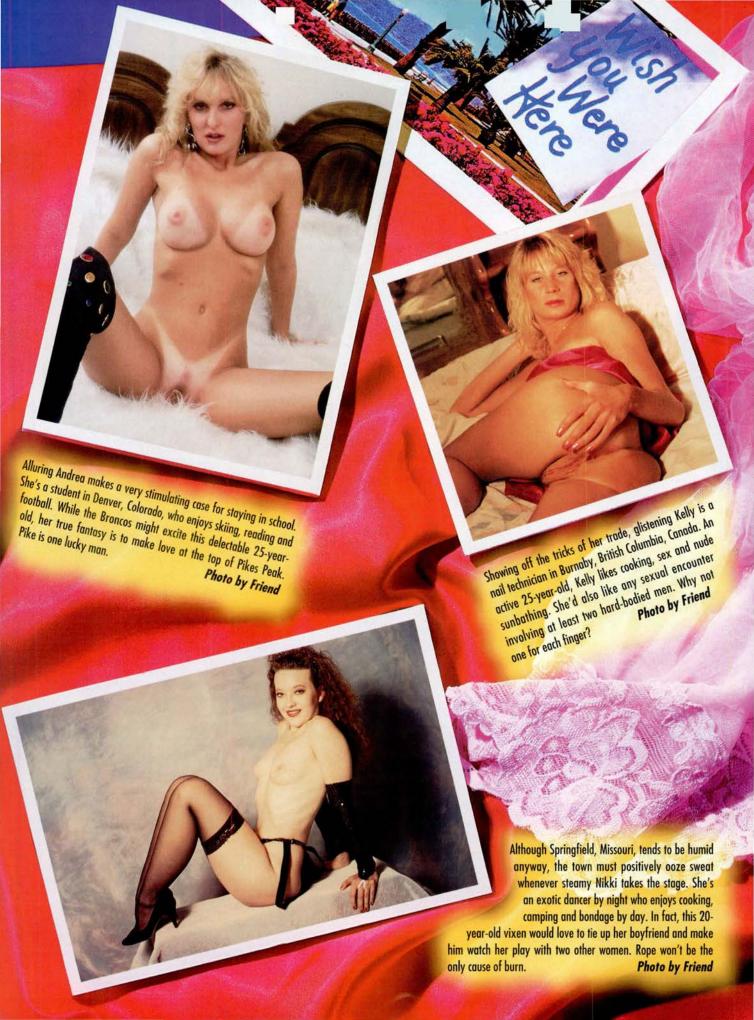
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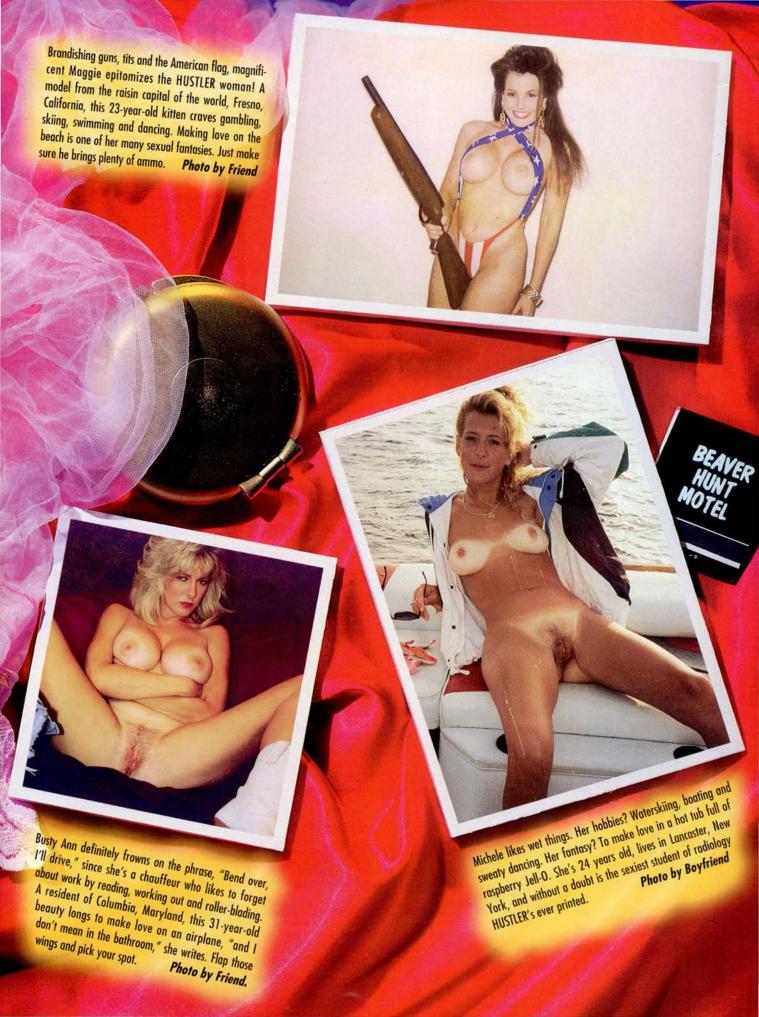
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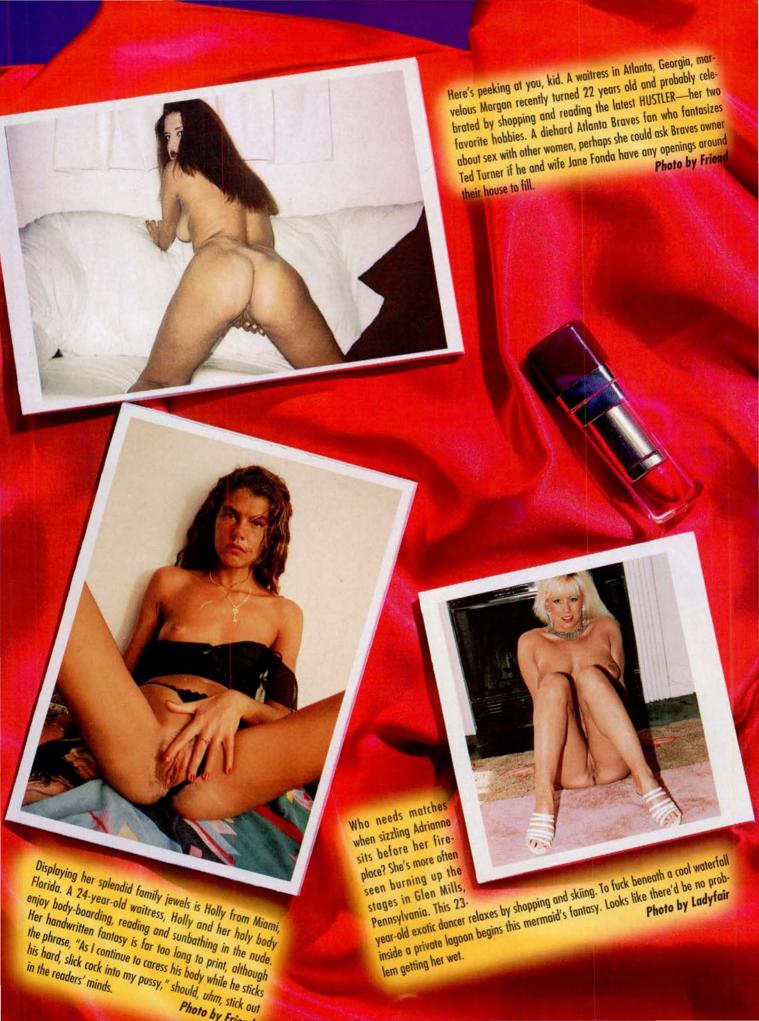
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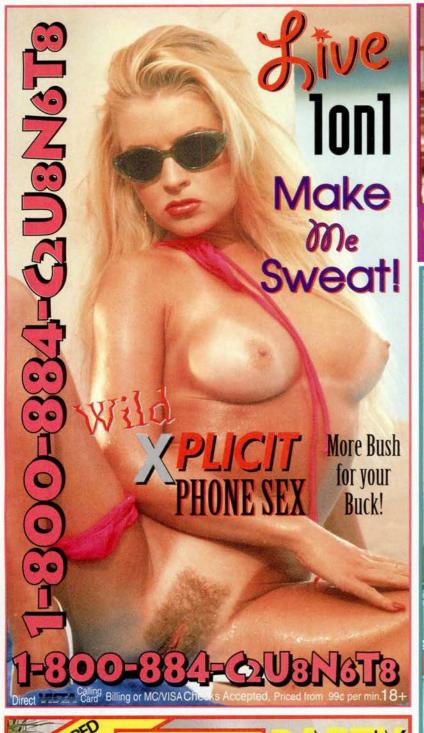
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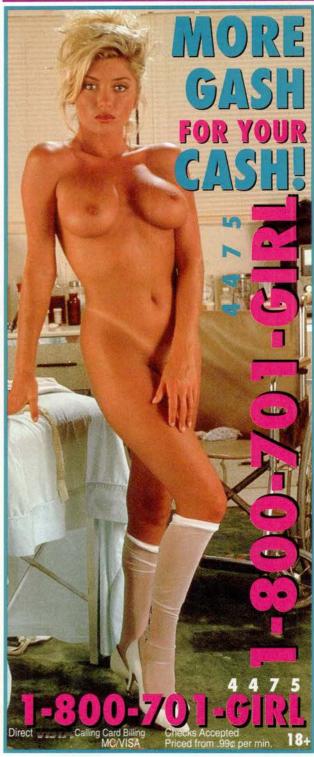












### Master Race

(continued from page 112)

the Libyan government. In October 1989, Farrakhan called a press conference in Washington, D.C., to reveal a vision he had had on September 21, 1985. The text of the conference was later published by the Nation as a booklet called "The Announcement: A Final Warning to the U.S. Government." In it, Farrakhan describes how he was taken up to the Mother Plane, where he received a prophesy from Elijah Muhammad.

Farrakhan claimed he was carried to a mountain outside a tiny Mexican town called Tepotzian, where a flying saucer appeared and pulled him into the Mother Plane. Inside, the Nation leader entered a room where he heard Elijah Muhammad's voice coming out of a speaker. According to Farrakhan, Elijah Muhammad said, "President Reagan has met with the Joint Chiefs of Staff to plan a war. I want you to hold a press conference in Washington, D.C., and announce their plan and say to the world that you got the information from me on the Wheel."

In a 1990 interview about his vision, Farrakhan claimed he met with the top echelon of the Libyan government (except Kaddafi) and told them about hearing from Elijah Muhammad. The Libyan leaders fled upon hearing the news. But, Farrakhan added, the U.S. government attacked Libya a few months later, thus proving the truth of his vision.

On *In God We Trust*, Brand Nubian heralds the Apocalypse, envisioning the day when entire city blocks swim in blood and the white devil's civilization is stomped into the mud.

Spin magazine recommends Poor Righteous Teachers' album Pure Poverty to white listeners as a soundtrack to "dance your way to the gas chamber."

Rap artist Ice Cube linked up with the Nation on his platinum-selling 1991 album *Death Certificate*. Cube is pictured in the album art reading the Nation of Islam newspaper, *The Final Call*, surrounded by his posse Lench Mob and members of the Nation's paramilitary wing of bodyguards and enforcers, the Fruit of Islam.

White rapper Serch, former member of white rap duo 3rd Bass, endorses the Five-Percent Nation, explaining: "[Blacks] are the master race. If you have a tape, like a master tape, you have the one master, and all the rest are copies. You have to have one point from which all the others are broken down. The original man is the black man, period. End of conversation. There's no way you can prove it wrong."

When a man like Serch, who's Jewish, talks about a master race, Armageddon threatens the extermination of all.

### Shock Treatment

(continued from page 84)

by all the shock therapies must also involve some destructive processes...the resulting amnesia is healing...threat of death mobilizes all the vital instincts and forces a reestablishment of contacts with reality...the treatment is considered by patients as punishment for sins and gives feelings of relief...the personality is brought down to a lower level, and adjustment is obtained more easily in a primitive, vegetative existence than in a highly developed personality. Imbecility replaces insanity."

Does ECT-related psychiatry believe that imbecility or low-level function is preferable to insanity? Many former shock patients believe that ECT saved their lives.

Carol, a 47-year-old San Diego resident, credits ECT for her recovery from depression.

"My husband calls it a miracle," claims Carol, adding that she is not troubled by much memory loss and that the shock treatment has given her a renewed interest in being a good homemaker.

Fifty-seven-year-old Jim Albright tells the story of undergoing a nervous breakdown while working as an engineer at Eastman Kodak in Rochester, New York. When a company psychiatrist diagnosed him as schizophrenic, Albright was told to report to the hospital, where he was subjected to shock treatment.

"They were short-handed in the patent department," recalls Albright. "ECT was the fastest way to get me back."

Albright experienced ECT with a religious sense of awe. "[ECT] was like Christ making the blind man see," he says. "I saw the sun shining on the white walls of the hospital, but I didn't have a word for it. It was like seeing God—a sun God."

Though he has not drawn a paycheck for nearly 20 years, Albright is active and, in the words of psychiatrists, "marginally functional."

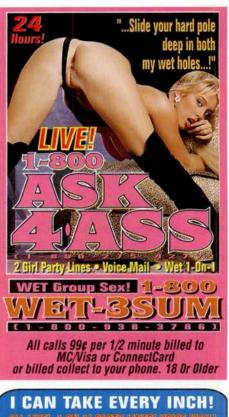
Albright owns a transparent Instamatic camera, which allows a view of its inside machinery. Albright designed the clear camera when he was quality-control engineer for Kodak.

"The camera is kind of like a fetish for me," he confesses. "I took it with me everywhere I went because I had the delusion that the camera was like my heart, and that people could see inside of me—I linked my body with my camera."

White foam flecks the corners of his mouth as he says, "ECT is a wonderful thing, a wonderful thing."









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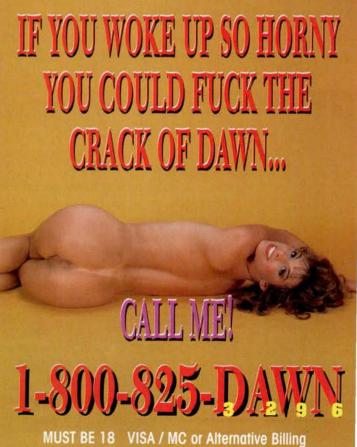
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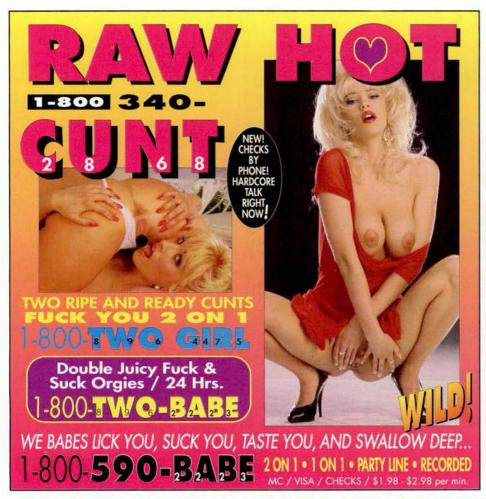
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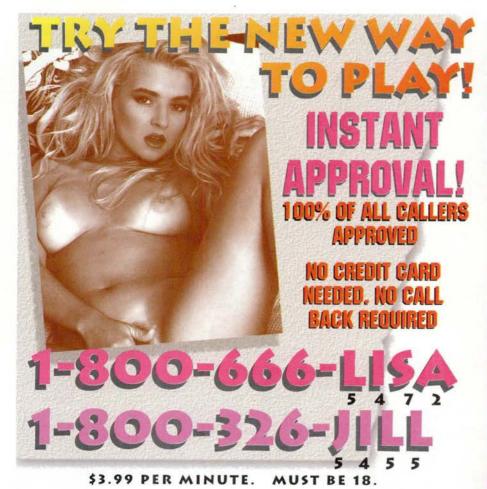




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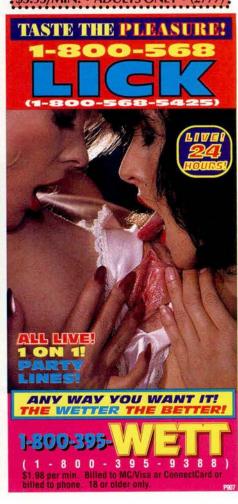
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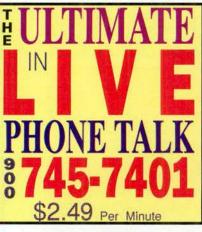
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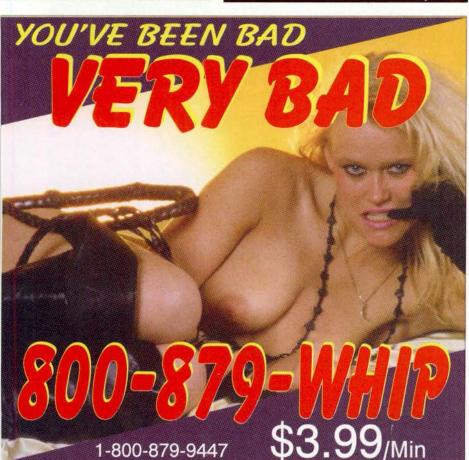
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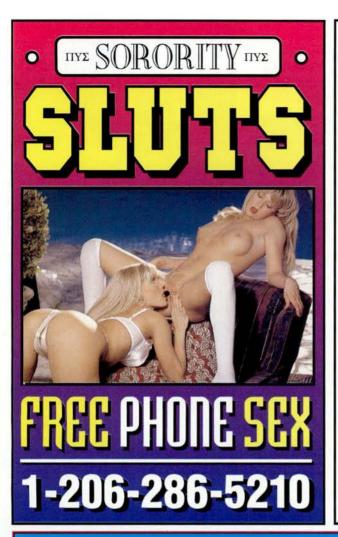






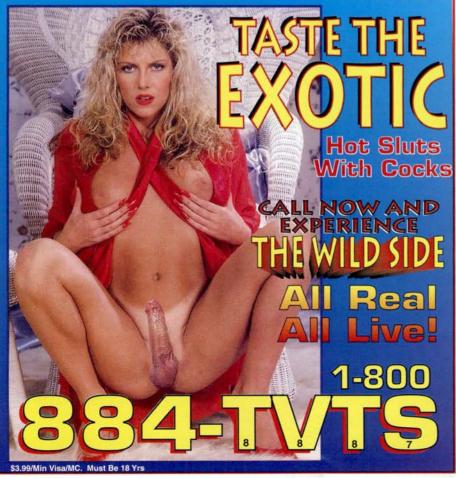








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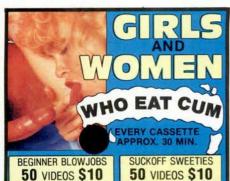
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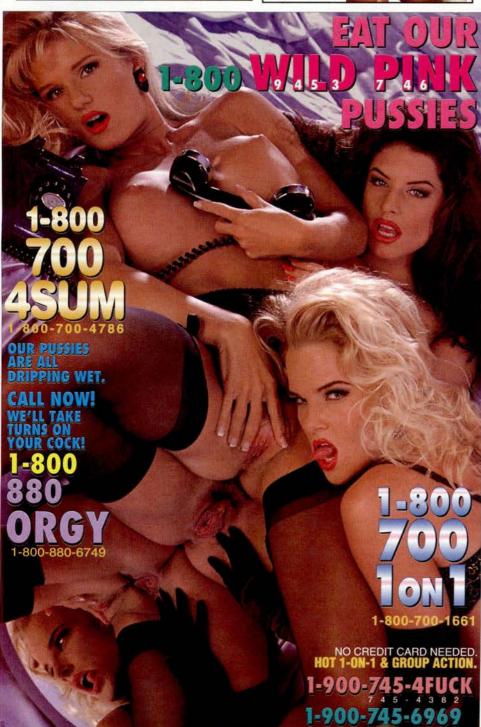


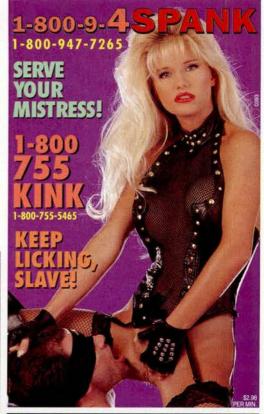
















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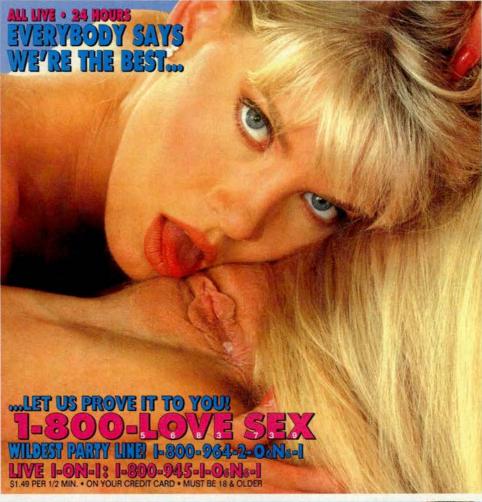
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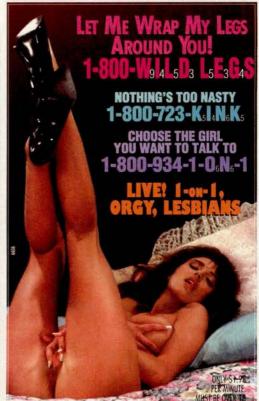


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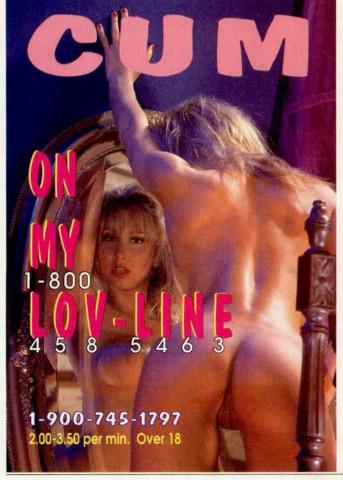
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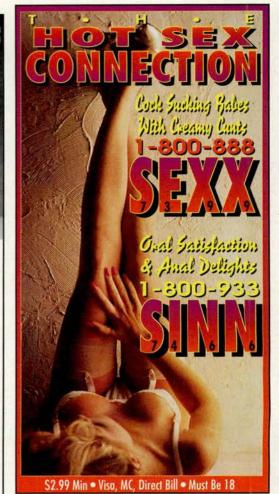
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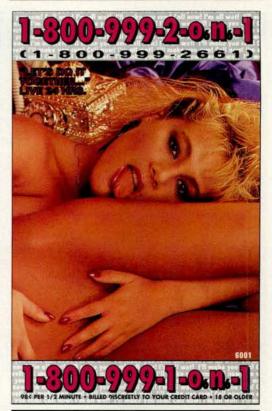
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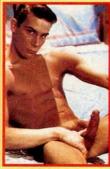


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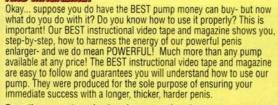
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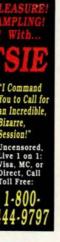


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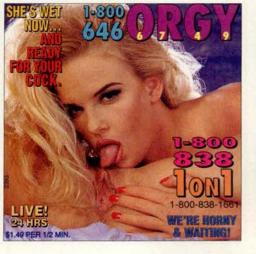
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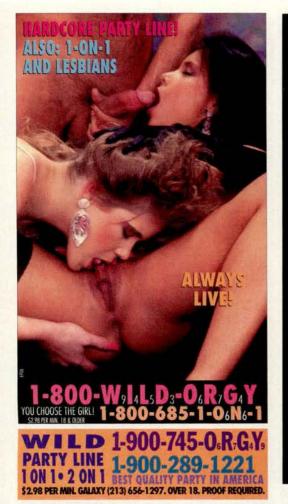




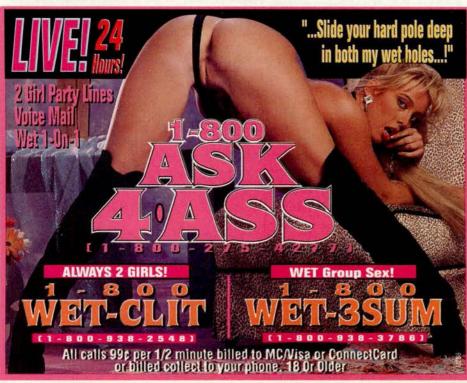














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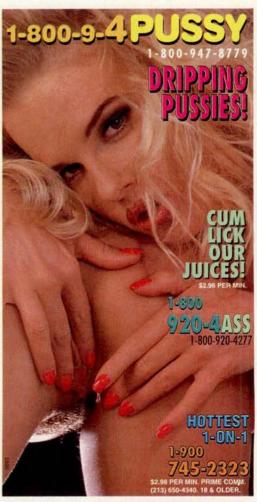
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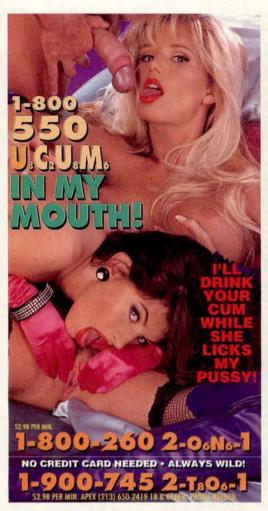
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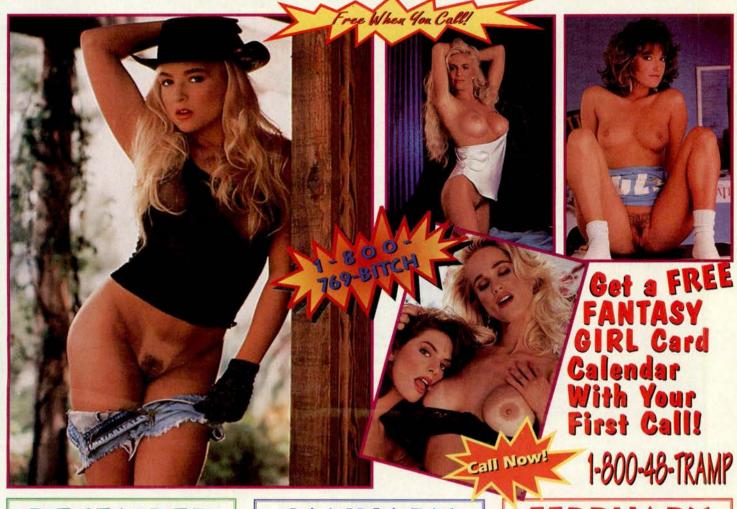








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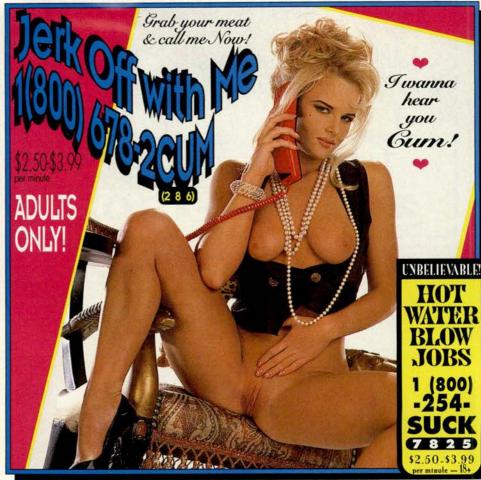
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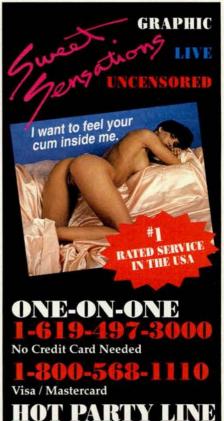






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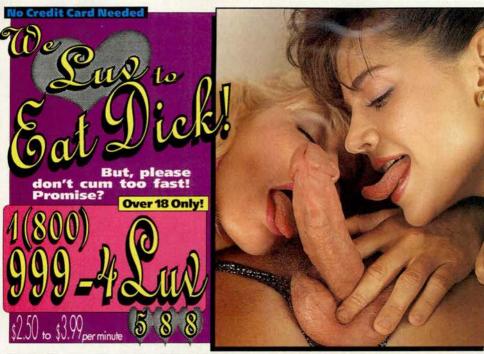


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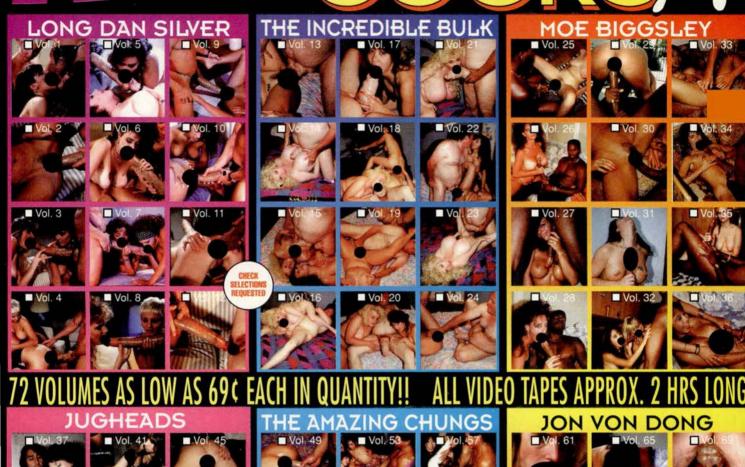














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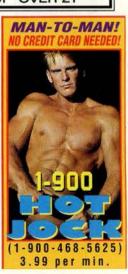
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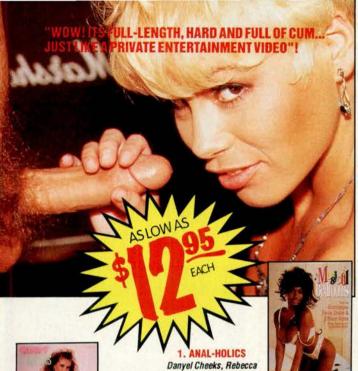
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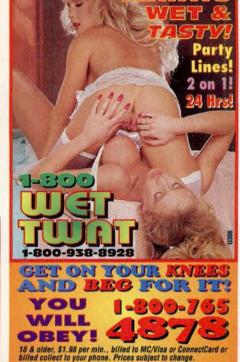














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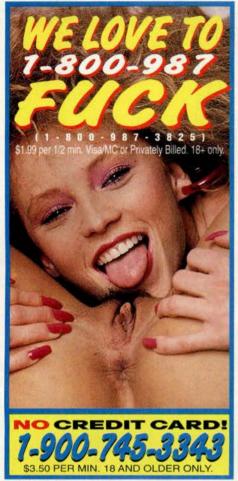
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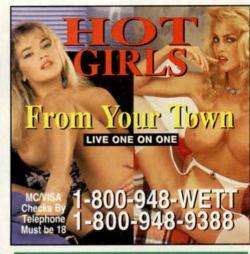
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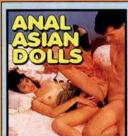
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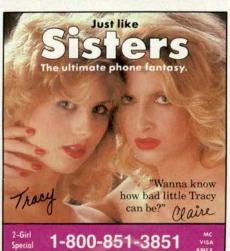
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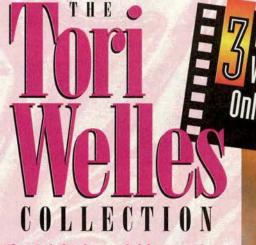
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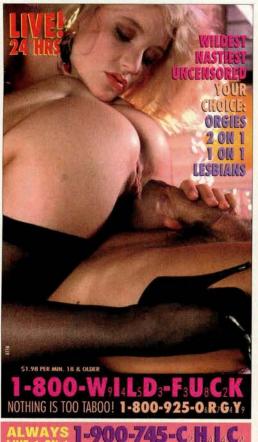
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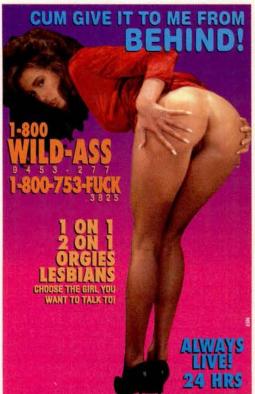




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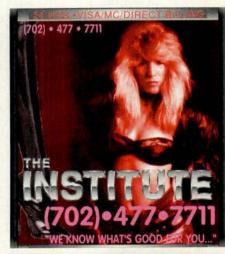
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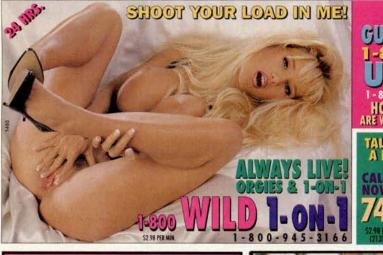










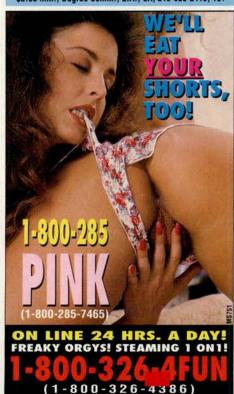












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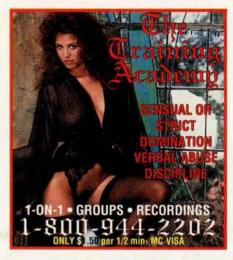
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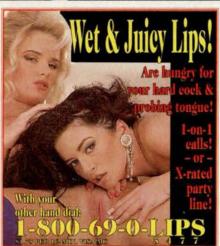
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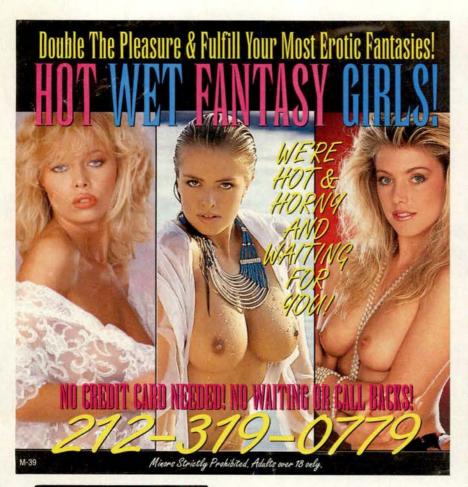
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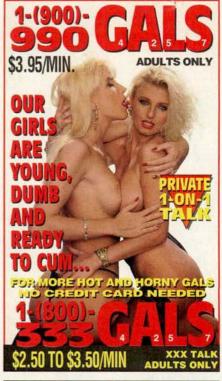
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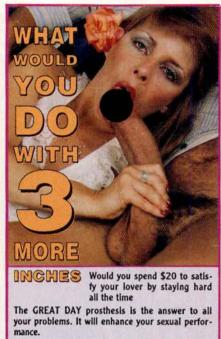
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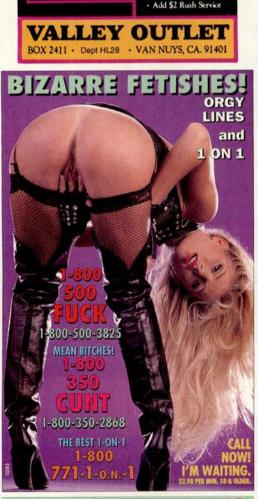
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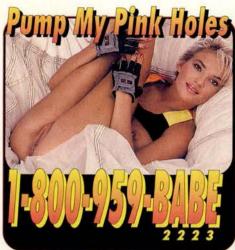
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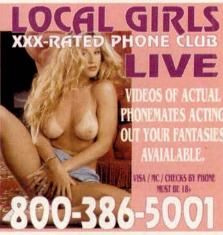
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#### March HUSTLER on sale January 18, 1994



#### IN LIKE FLYNT

HUSTLER in March treats the lion-harded to five leggy lambs in a fist-curling meadow of muff. Riding white water, an ass-flashing, gash-splashing innertube sporter welcomes a blistering blast of jet foam; spanking the pudding-white cheeks of a naughty, blond housemaid, a dark-skinned, rubber-bound mistress demands that her spiked boots be licked; plugging into mega-volts, a self-serving body-shop mechanic applies an electric drill to the loose joint in her panties; spreading out picnic-style, a button-nosed, berry-nippled country lass tastes the fresh fruit of femininity in the wide-open country; and, rubbing up against the nastiest nookie nab of the year, dick meets tit in a pubic encounter on a public bus. HUSTLER in March goes in easy; comes out easy too. Feel for yourself.



Depths of depravity...nadirs of knowledge...raving pits of utter despair. Byways of doom are HUSTLER correspondent Selwyn Harris's happy hunting grounds. The Sultan of Smut spends a stipend from America's Magazine on a cabbie's-eye-view of the cheapest thrills in New York City. Harris brings out the worst of the best in *Taxi Diver*, an intoxicating gutter-tour of the Big Apple's unfumigated fuckholes.



Asian gangbangers such as the notorious Green Dragons, Hip Sing Boys, Viet-Crips and White Tigers specialize in deliberate savagery meted out with inimitable Oriental discipline. Luxury automobiles carjacked by Chinese gangs are shipped in wooden crates marked "scrap iron" to Taiwan, destined for mainland China buyers. Asian crime syndicates control the importation of illegal aliens from China, Vietnam and Cambodia; cut off from public relief in America, such illicit immigrants became soldiers for Asian crime lords. Extortion, gun smuggling, illegal gambling and money laundering are among the specialties of Asian kingpins, reports writer Michael Collins in Evil From the East, a terrifying account of America's most cold-blooded criminals. Warns Oakland, California, police sergeant Bill Gellepsi: Asian gangs are "well armed, much better than us."



Poor doesn't necessarily mean worthless—that is, not when it comes to fuckable twat. Indiscriminate HUSTLER sex researcher Alex Marvel finds a fortune of dick appeal in busted pussy and kindly spreads the wealth in HUSTLER's Sex Play for March: "Do Welfare Mothers Make Better Lovers?" Hot Letters gets stiffs, mams and butts in writing, dotting the thighs and crossing the tease; Beaver Hunt flushes out the beavs most likely to qualify for Beaver Hunt's \$5,000 Grand Prize Competition; and Bits & Pieces wrings a Soupy Sales-like effervescence from the desiccated funny bones of career pornographers. All in HUSTLER in March. Take a look!









